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—, Richard W. Brown



THE SEASONS.





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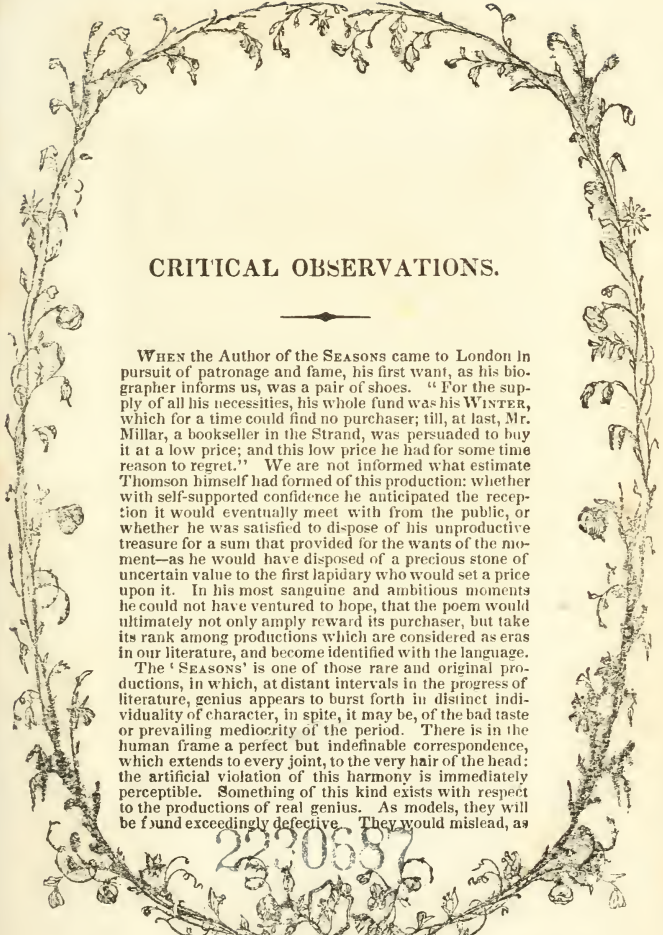


The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMSON AND GRAY.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN,
379 BROADWAY.
1856.





CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS.

WHEN the Author of the *SEASONS* came to London in pursuit of patronage and fame, his first want, as his biographer informs us, was a pair of shoes. "For the supply of all his necessities, his whole fund was his *WINTER*, which for a time could find no purchaser; till, at last, Mr. Millar, a bookseller in the Strand, was persuaded to buy it at a low price; and this low price he had for some time reason to regret." We are not informed what estimate Thomson himself had formed of this production: whether with self-supported confidence he anticipated the reception it would eventually meet with from the public, or whether he was satisfied to dispose of his unproductive treasure for a sum that provided for the wants of the moment—as he would have disposed of a precious stone of uncertain value to the first lapidary who would set a price upon it. In his most sanguine and ambitious moments he could not have ventured to hope, that the poem would ultimately not only amply reward its purchaser, but take its rank among productions which are considered as eras in our literature, and become identified with the language.

The '*SEASONS*' is one of those rare and original productions, in which, at distant intervals in the progress of literature, genius appears to burst forth in distinct individuality of character, in spite, it may be, of the bad taste or prevailing mediocrity of the period. There is in the human frame a perfect but indefinable correspondence, which extends to every joint, to the very hair of the head: the artificial violation of this harmony is immediately perceptible. Something of this kind exists with respect to the productions of real genius. As models, they will be found exceedingly defective. They would mislead, as

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much as they defy imitation. But there is in them, as a whole, a certain homogeneousness of expression, which rescues even their faults from impropriety. They please or affect us, not so much by particular qualities of excellence as by the force of character diffused through the production, and by that Promethean power which the poet appears to possess of making his words glow and breathe with instinctive life. Milton and Thomson, although immeasurably dissimilar, may yet be adduced as two remarkable instances of poets whose chief works have attained an almost equal degree of popularity, and have produced a powerful effect on our literature; and yet, in point of style and diction, they elude all attempts at successful imitation: the one, by a severe majesty of manner, which ill befits an inferior subject or the productions of an inferior mind; the other, the Johnson of poetry, has a gait of natural pomp, which it is mimicry to adopt; the moment it appears to be artificial it becomes ridiculous.

The causes which have contributed to the universal popularity of this original poem are, we do not scruple to say, not more its merits than its Subject and its Defects. How much is due to the Subject might be presumed from the circumstance, that this alone of Thomson's poems has maintained itself in public favour, although, in the opinion of competent critics, it is not his best. Few titles have been found less attractive than "The Poetical Works of James Thomson," at the very time that his SEASONS are circulating in every form the press can give them. Dr. Johnson's sentence upon LIBERTY and BRITANNIA has never been reversed (for once, as a critic, he was just): and even the castle of Indolence is more praised than read. Thomson's subject was a happy one; but what rendered it particularly so, was, that when he wrote, it was a subject altogether open to a poet who wished to succeed by novelty. Spenser was obsolete; Milton had been generally neglected; Addison having then only recently done himself the honour of introducing the Paradise Lost to the notice of the public. With these great exceptions, there existed little descriptive poetry worthy of the name. The principal use which had been made of natural scenery was, as an eternal storehouse of similes for the inditers of heroics, or of love elegies and madrigals. The absurdities of many of our town-bred or scholastic verse-men, in what then passed for descriptive poetry, form a standing subject of ridicule. In vain shall

we look among the works of the best of our poets, from the time of Elizabeth to this period, for any traces of accurate observation, or genuine feeling in reference to the beauties of Nature. "From Dryden to Thomson," a very competent authority has remarked, "there is scarcely a rural image drawn from life to be found in any of the English poets except Gay." Pope, who in his Windsor Forest seemed to have taken Denham as his model, as if ambitious of excelling in descriptive poetry, discovers much of the same French taste, the same want of native and appropriate feeling, which are chargeable on his predecessors. A poet then had only to copy the every day beauties of nature, in the language of a genuine lover of nature, to be original. Thomson, partly from early habits partly perhaps from accident, struck into this path. In his schoolboy days, with Virgil in his hand, he walked abroad, amid scenes sufficient to awaken all the enthusiasm he possessed, which was that of an artist. He saw, as Johnson remarks, every thing with the eye, though he does not appear to have felt every thing with the heart, of a poet. His subject was a fortunate choice. It admitted of being treated in that desultory manner which best suited the character of his mind. There was abundant scope for all the diffuseness of sentimental description, and for all the gorgeousness of colouring. Through out the Seasons, it is to the senses, however, rather than to the heart, that the appeal is made. It is as much a painting as a poem.

As, when Thomson published his Winter, the subject had the advantage of novelty; so the SEASONS still preserves its rank, as the first descriptive poem in the language. It is one among our earliest favourites which serve to awaken a sensibility to the beauties of external nature. We read it with avidity, and perhaps with enthusiasm, at the period when our imagination first begins to exercise itself on the objects of poetry; and it retains much of its interest in after life, from being associated with the scenes of our youthful pleasures.

When we attribute the popularity which this poem has obtained, in some degree to its Defects, we allude not only to the faults of the style, but to the very cast of thought, and the intellectual quality of the sentiments, by which the poem is characterized. A contemporary critic has remarked, that "There are few minds in which the love of poetry does not form a sort of intellectual instinct

an instinct often blind and indiscriminating, yet having reference to something nobler than the wants of the physical being, and valuable as connected with the first developement of the imagination and passions. The poetry which aims at popularity must be adapted to that numerous class of readers in whom this instinctive feeling exists, but who have stopped short at a very low degree of mental cultivation, or whose imagination has been neglected amid the pursuits of after life." There is nothing in Thomson that requires any painful exercise to the faculties, that calls for any of the higher exertions of the imagination, or that soars beyond the experience of the humblest intellect. His style is indeed learned and ornate. But Burke has shown that words may the most powerfully affect the mind, when their meaning is indefinite. Where Thomson's language is the most inflated, his expressions have generally a specious grandeur of meaning derived from the felicity with which they are selected. His genius is in this respect conspicuous: like the evening sun, which imparts pomp and brightness to the unsubstantial clouds with which it is enveloped, it changes the very character of the faults which it appropriates.

The greatest defect in the SEASONS respects the cast of its moral sentiments; but in this respect it is not the less adapted to the more numerous class of the readers of poetry. The Religion of the Seasons is of that general kind which Nature's self might teach to those who had no knowledge of the God of Revelation. It is a lofty and complacent sentiment, which plays upon the feelings like the ineffable power of solemn harmony, but has no reference to the quality of our belief, to the dispositions of the heart, or to the habitual tendency of the character; still less does it involve a devotional recognition of the revealed character of the Divine Being. But on this very account "the Seasons" was adapted to please at the time that Pope ruled the republic of taste, and to the same cause the poem is still indebted for at least some of its admirers.

The love of the Poet of the Seasons is the "Passion of the Groves." The author, it is said, was susceptible of no higher sentiment. There is a prevailing vulgarity of feeling on this subject, which is only concealed by the splendour of the diction. The Poet's ideas of love are such as a schoolboy would naturally derive from the perusal of the Pantheon and Ovid's Metamorphoses. We

know we shall offend common prejudice, in pronouncing the tale of *Musidora*, which has furnished so many artists with a subject, and the publishers of so many editions of Thomson with a captivating embellishment, to be as vulgarly conceived, and to be as coarse in sentiment, though not in expression, as a Dutch painting. But still Thomson is chastity and purity itself in comparison with his contemporaries. There is always an air of elegance, and even of refinement, thrown over his warmest pictures. The Seasons, though they may administer fuel to an excited imagination, contain scarcely an expression that would raise the blush of modesty. This decorum of expression extends also in general to his ideas; and he is not perhaps to be blamed if these do not rise, in point of elevation of sentiment, above the level of his experience.

We are indebted, however, to Thomson for one passage on domestic happiness, at the conclusion of his "Spring," which does high credit to his feelings as a man and as a poet. Thomson never loved; but he was not an unamiable character. He was an affectionate brother; his benevolence, though it partook of the indolence of his character, was fervid; and by his friends, we are told, he was very tenderly and warmly beloved.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the beauties or merits of his great poem. Johnson has remarked, that "his mode of thinking and of expressing his thoughts is original." This is no small praise. His descriptions, varying and rising with his subject, are at times magnificent; at other times, they display all the minute accuracy only to be obtained by familiar observation. No one but an angler could have described with so felicitous correctness the fly-fisher's sport in the first Season. There breathes throughout his poem the enthusiasm of the poet of nature; and if we cannot allow that the reader of the Seasons "wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him," unless it be a reader unaccustomed to hold converse with the beautiful in the material world, yet he derives a high and more genuine gratification, in finding the scenes he loves described so well.

James Thomson was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburg, in 1700. *Winter* was published in 1726; *Summer* and *Spring* in the following years; and *Autumn*, with his collected works, in 1730. The incidents of his life consisted of the patronage he succeeded in obtaining, and the disappointments he had to encounter. His mother

lived to see her son rising into eminence. Through the friendship of Lord Lyttelton, he was established in ease, if not in affluence, when taking cold on the water between London and Kew, he caught a disorder, which, with some careless exasperation, terminated fatally, August 27, 1748. A tablet has been recently placed on the wall of Richmond Church, by the exertions of Mr. Park, in conjunction with Lord Buchan, to denote the place of his interment.

TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON

ON CROWNING HIS BUST WITH BAYS.

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood.
Or tunes Eolian strains between :

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed :

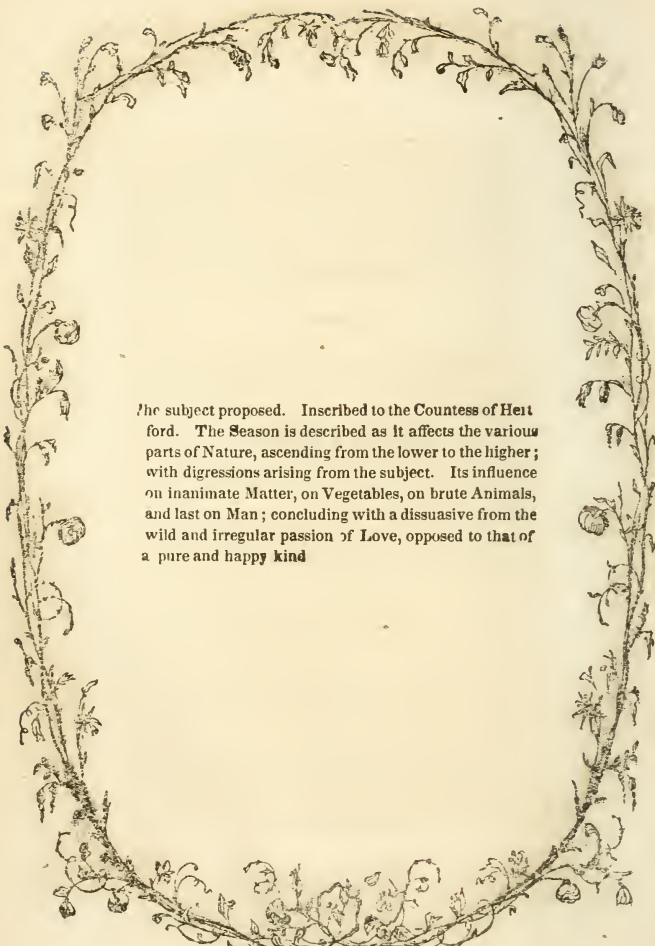
While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet poet of the year !
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

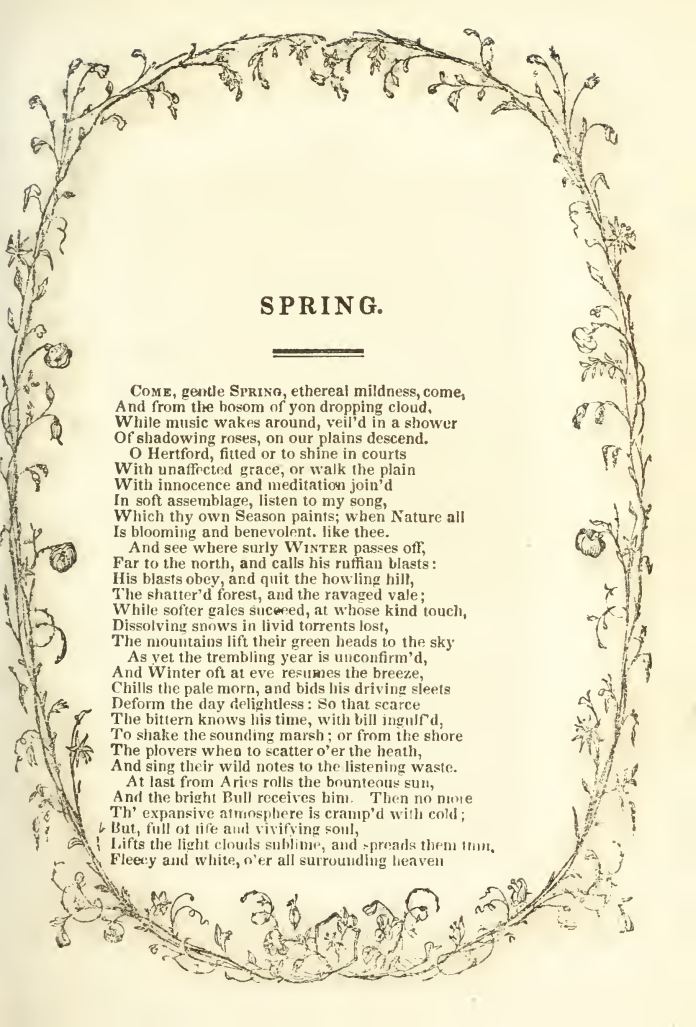
BURNS



SPRING.



The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher ; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man ; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind



SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fited or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent. like thee.

And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravaged vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless: So that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulf'd,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls, to where the well used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks
With measured step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow;
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refined.
In ancient times the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind.
And some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough!
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Waits all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world:

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
His force deep-daring to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance: while the promised fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy, or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffused around,
One boundless blush, one white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yelow Autumn spies

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Unimely frost; before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks
Joyless and dead, a wide dejected waste.
For oft, engendered by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and I wasteful eat,

Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race, yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course
Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And hazing straw before his orchard burns;
Till, all involved in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls:
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest,
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains, these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharged with rain,
That, o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The northeast spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
Warns the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plump people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,

Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade while Heaven descends
In universal bounty shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fired anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes.
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increased, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclosed,
From the white mingling mass No so the boy;

He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amazed
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds.
A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Raised through thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanists to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fired by the nodding verdure of its brow
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man,
While yet he lived in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unlesh'd in blood,
A stranger to the savage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then waked the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale
Love breathed his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
That duly thrilliz, but exalts it more.
Not yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of heaven
For reason and benevolence were law

Harmonious nature too looked smiling ca.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with etern'd gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace;
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabled poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times.
These dregs of life! now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within; the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
E'en love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells;
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emot'ous more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good.

Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd vindictive, to have changed her course

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-piled hills of fractured earth
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd
In social sweetness, on the selfsame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd: save what the zephyrs bland
Breathed o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps and cold autumnal fogs
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to naught,
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies:
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment and health and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious bless'd.
For, with hot ravine fired, ensanguined Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk
Nor wore her warning fleece: nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high
With hunger stung, and wild necessity

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart,
 And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
 Or beaus that gave them birth : shall he, fair form
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heave
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in gore ? the beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks
 What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,
 'To merit death ? you, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the Winter's cold ? and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 E'en of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour ? thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whitening, down the mossy tintured stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile.
 To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly,
 The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watery stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortured worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

V hen with his lively ray the potent sun

Has pierced the streams, and roused the fiery race,
Then, issuing cheeful, to thy sport repair :
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hallow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautions, scans the fly ;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while hap'y o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along.
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;
Then sees the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed.
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
And flies alof, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage.

Till floating broad upon his breathless side
And to his late abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,
E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps;
Then seek the bank where flowering alders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclined beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confused, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold you breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do? Ah, where find words
Tinged with so many colours; and whose power
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!

Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart :

Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair.
And thy loved bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Rriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild ;
Where, undisguised by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its valleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :
Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;

Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first ;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round :
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones ; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves •
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks : from family diffused
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colours run ; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes :
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inward : nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance : nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose,
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Being ! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb ; who, with a master hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew :
By Thee disposed into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detrudd to the root
By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My painting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lead me your song, ye nightingales ! oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame,—the Passion of the Groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint waibled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the lark,
Shrill voiced and loud, the messenger of morn
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes ; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Flate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
The me'low bullfinch answers from the grove :
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert : while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love ;
That e'en to birds and beasts the tender art
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates

Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half averted glance
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approbance to bestow,
Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspired,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs sooth them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
But restless hurry through the busy air.
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food,
With constant clamour : O what passions then
What melting sentiments of kindly care
On the new parent seize ! away they fly,
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young ;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. E'en so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple, art With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling schoolboy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss ; and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud ! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse ashamed here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confined, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost ;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which clear and vigorous warbles from the beech.

O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear ;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately framed
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding wo ; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds.
Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky :
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When naught but balm is breathing through the woods
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse : till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther, and farther on, the lengthening flight ;
Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Roused into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing throns
On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong pounced, and ardent with paternal fire
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleased,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck, before her train.
Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.

O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud

* The furthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Crops though it presses on his care'ess sense,
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapp'd,
He seeks the fight ; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gored in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins :
Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix :
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed
With this hot impulse seized in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein nor hears the sounding thong ;
Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
And by the well known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;
O'er rocks and woods and craggy mountains flies,
And, neighing, on th' aerial summit takes
Th' exciting gale ; then, steep descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the gills,
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round : such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep ;
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
How, by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But thus the time
I sing enraptured, to the British Fair,
Forbids : and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many bleating flock,
Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolved, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill : the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times
When disunited Britain ever bled

Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden seats;
 And o'er our labours Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world !

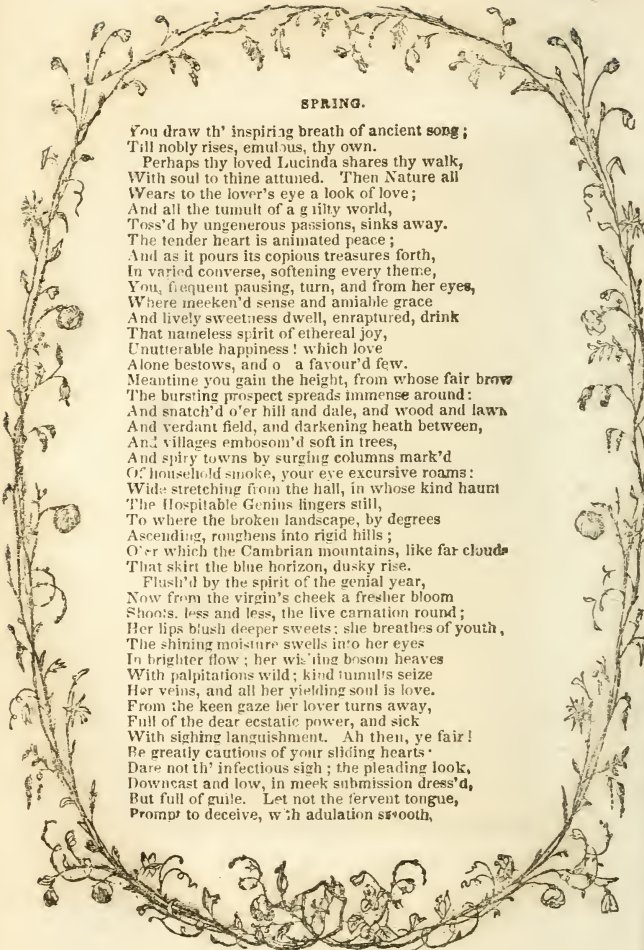
What is this mighty breath, ye sages, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
 Insinuates the fowls of heaven ; and through their
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ? who, boundless Spirit all
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection framed
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
 But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee and thy soft scenes
 The Smiling God is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on man ;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being and serene his soul,
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove
 A melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard and unfeeling of another's woe ;
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
 Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
 With warmest beams ; and on your open front
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invoked,
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplored ;
 Like silent working Heaven, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good .
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds

SPRING.

Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! in these green days
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head:
Life flows afresh; and young eyed Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublimed
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large
Courting the muse, through Hagley Park thou stray'st
Thy British Tempe! there along the dale,
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
You wander through the philosophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extant of backward time:
Planning with warm benevolence of mind,
And honest zeal anwarp'd by party rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refined,



SPRING.

You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy loved Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attuned. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace ;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
In varied converse, softening every theme,
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekn'd sense and amiable grace
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptured, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happiness ! which love
Alone bestows, and o' a favour'd few.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
Wide stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
The Hospitable Genius lingers still,
To where the broken landscape, by degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth,
The shining moisture swells into her eyes
In brighter flow ; her winking bosom heaves
With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purposed will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late
When on his heart the torrent softness pours ;
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
Th' enticing smile ; the modest seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death.
And still false-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores and meads of fatal joy.

E'en present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
Her snaky crest : a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart ; where honour st^d
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes aroused,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life ?
Neglected fortune flies ; and sk^dling swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.
'Tis' naught but gloom around : the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy bosom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends ;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfinish'd period falls : while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair :
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declined

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream
Romantic hangs ; there through the pensive dusk
Strays in heart thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love : or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly tortured heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fired. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies,
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the gray Morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise,
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks ;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retired
To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love
Snatch'd from her yielded hand he knows not how
Through fores's huge, and long untravell'd neaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapp'd : or shrinks aghast,
Back from the bending precipice ; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach

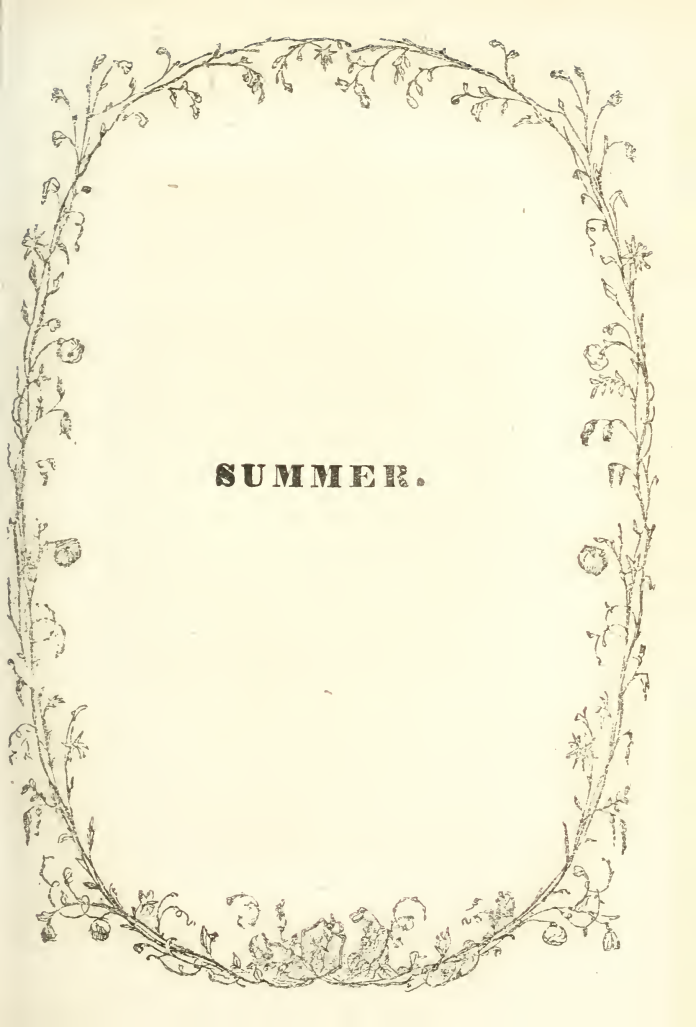
The farther shore; where succourless and sad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But strives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the bottom eddy sinks.

These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell, ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffused and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours
Afresh her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortured heart:
For e'en the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lovely moments running down to waste.

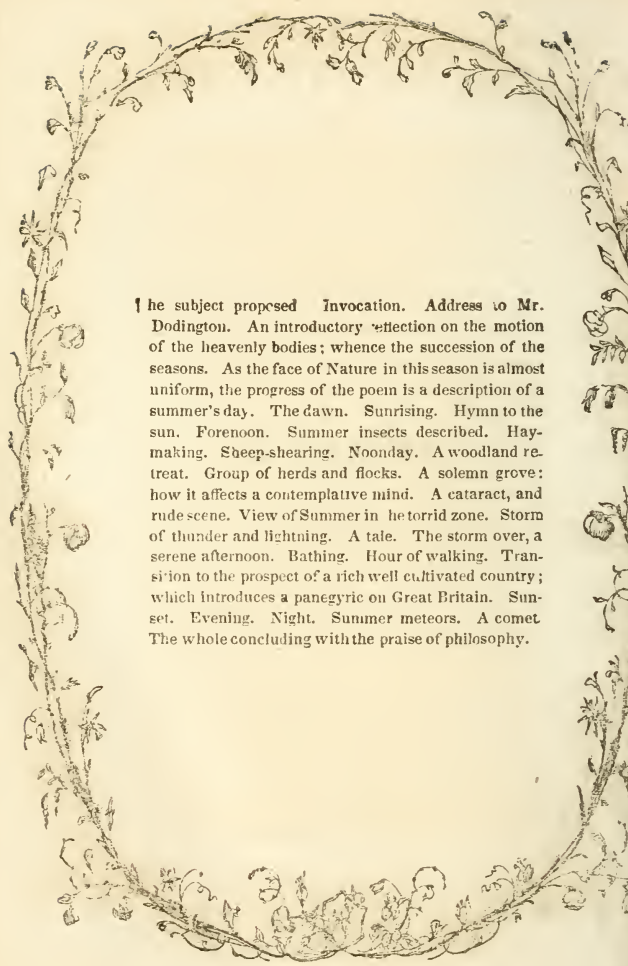
But happy 'they' the happiest of their kind!

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care
Well merited consume his nights and days.
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms and lavish hearts can wish:
Something than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task: to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around.

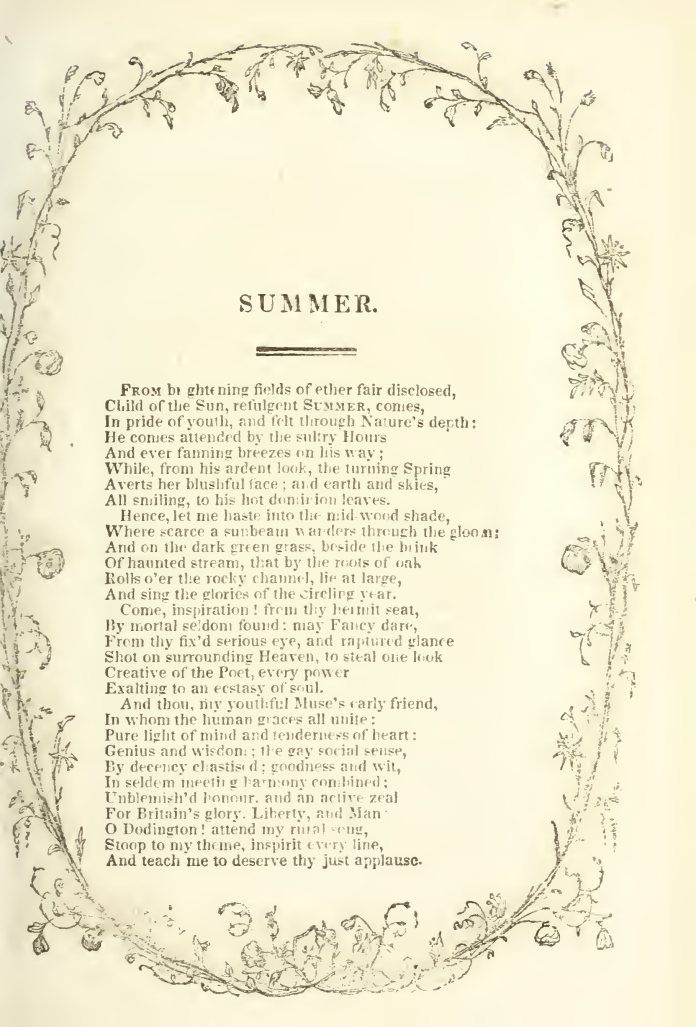
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart :
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild,
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign



SUMMER.



The subject proposed Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sunrising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noonday. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sunset. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.



SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER, comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :
He comes attended by the sultry Hours
And ever fanning breezes on his way ;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face ; and earth and skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom ;
And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, inspiration ! from thy hermit seat,
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul.

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite :
Pure light of mind and tenderness of heart :
Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit,
In seldom meeting harmony combined :
Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man :
O Dodington ! attend my rural song,
Stoop to my theme, inspire every line,
And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever steading round,
 Minutely faithful: such th' All-perfect Hand!
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fired,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east:
 Till far o'er ether spread the widening glow;
 And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward: while along the forest glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
 Falsely luxurious! will not man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due and sacred song?
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,
 Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams?

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk?

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Plumed with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams
High gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapp'd
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun;
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire: from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublimed, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of Seasons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming far,
High seen, the Seasons tread, in sprightly dance

Harmonious knit, the rosy finger'd Hours
The Zephyrs floating loose, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light footed Dews
And soften'd into joy the surly Storms.
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
herbs, flowers, and fruits; and, kindling at thy touch
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confined:
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forns the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple streaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green emerald shows. But, all combined
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refined,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys,
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds

Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below
How shall I then attempt to sing of Him!
Who, Light Himself, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retired
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven
That beam for ever through the boundless sky
But, should he hide his face, the astonish'd sun
And all the extinguish'd stars would, loosening, reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering tongue of Man,
ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise,
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
E'en in the depth of solitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound,
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd,
And to peruse its all instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptured, to translate,
My sole delight; as through the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires;
There, on the verdant turf or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;
While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
On man and beast, and herb, and tepid stream

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the sw - retreats
His flock before him stepping to the fold.
While the full udder'd mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! the daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint underneath, the household fowls converse;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The housedog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Outstretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her song;
Not mean though simple; to the sun allied,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Waked by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the varied hues
Their beauty-beaning parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes,
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel: or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout.
Or darting salmon. Through the green wood glads
Some love to stray; there lodged, amused, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make

The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb ; for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclosed,
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or weltering in the bowl,
 With powerless wings around them wrapp'd, expire

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retired,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! amid a mangled heap
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey at last ensnared, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleased ; the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined,
 With half shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
 Of willows gray, close crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend
 Evading e'en the microscopic eye ?

Full nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organized,
 Waiting the vital breath, when parent Heaven
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sunbeams scarce can find a way,
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp

Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er the green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
 Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
 The grosser eye of man: for, if the worlds
 In worlds enclosed should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, or if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.
 Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heaved, the pride of art!
 A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things,
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth naught? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From Infinite Perfection to the brink
 Of dreary nothing, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds
 As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
 The quivering nations sport: till, tempest wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 E'en so, luxurious men, unheeding pass

An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
E'en stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet haycock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore.
Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men and boys and dogs,
Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Imbolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And panting labour to the firthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints

The country fill : and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head : and ranged in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay dress'd maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthroned,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd king
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime their joyous task goes on apace :
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp the master's cipher ready stand ;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along ;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy-boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears !
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,
The treasures of the Sun without his rage :
Hence, fervent all with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world

'Tis' raging noon ; and, vernal, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns : and all

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief: thence hot ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfumed;
And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove

All-conquering Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!

And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever spouting streams,
Bids coolly calm; while all the world without
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmonized,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflamed.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbage brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along

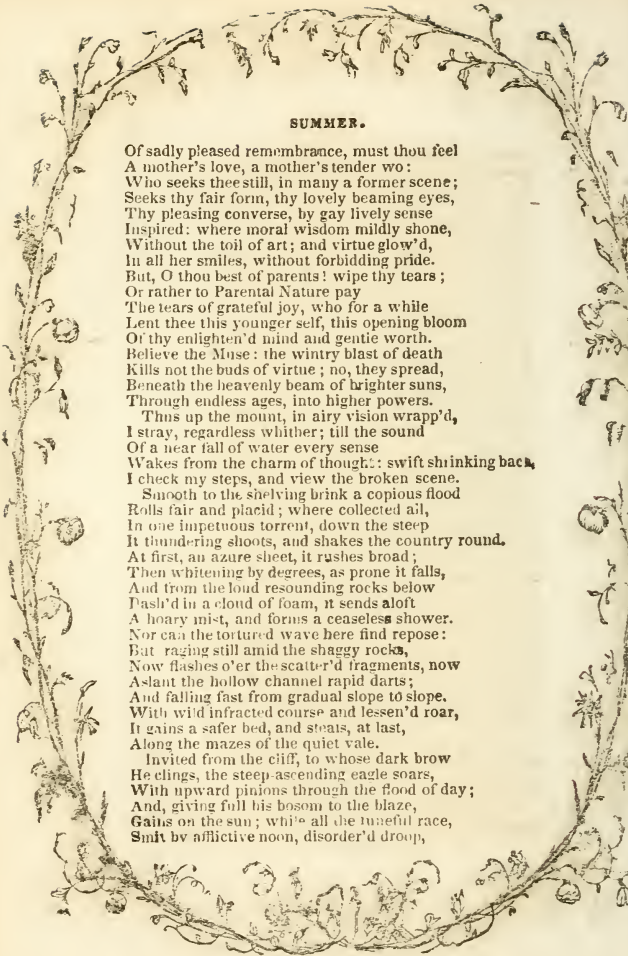
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffused into a limpid plain;
A various group the herds and flocks compose,
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and often bending sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd,
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gadflies fasten on the herd;
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While, from their labouring breasts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provoked,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell;
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effused,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,
And heart estranged to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst.
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Sol- ing and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Ecstatic, felt; and, from this world retired,
Conversed with angels and immortal forms,

On gracious errands bent: to save the all
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare;
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engaged) to turn the death;
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep roused, I feel
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes:—"Be not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred man! thy fellow creatures, we
 From the same Parent Power our beings drew,
 The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
 Toil'd, tempest beaten, ere we could retain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
 Where purity and peace in mingle charms.
 Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
 Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chanting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost silva, add
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

And art thou, Stanley,* of that sacred band:
 Alas, for us too soon! though raised above
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1733, upon whom Thomson wrote an epitaph



SUMMER.

Of sadly pleased remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender wo:
Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
Inspired: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision wrapp'd,
I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking back,
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected ail,
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose:
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope.
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
The stockdove only through the forest coos,
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary wo! again
The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds
A louder song of sorrow through the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,
All in the freshness of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
An ample chair moss-lined, and overhead
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While nature lies around, deep lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the torrid zone:
'Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compared,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
'See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The shortlived twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze,* to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
Returning suns and double seasons† pass:
Rocks rich in gems; and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the northeast and southeast, caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffused,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heav'n
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclined
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine:
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd:
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tuffy coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove.

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues

And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching sun,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail

Along these lonely regions, where retired
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells,
In awful solitude, and naught is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas:
On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fallen cedar, far diffused his train,
Cased in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanced from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High raised in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd.
Though powerful, not destructive! here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel s'varice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Profusely pours.* But, if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert barrier burst
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds
Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
Of social commerce comest to rob their wealth;
No holy fury thou, blaspheming Heaven,
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmless bee, mayst freely range
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jasmine grove to grove, mayst wander gay
Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy summit, spreading fair
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,
That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces and fanes and villas rise;
And gardens smile around, and cultured fields;
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks
Securely stray; a world within itself,
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw
Fthereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that sweep
From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rive,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind :
A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How changed the scene! in blazing height of noon
The sun oppress'd, is plunged in thickest gloom.
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding fast,
Where, highly rarefied, the yielding air
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big stores of steaming oceans charged.
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condensed
Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne;
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Dissolved, the whole precipitated mass
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling Nile,
From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
Pure welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambra rolls his infant stream.
There, by the naiads nursed, he sports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
That with unfading verdure smile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
Winds in progressive majesty along:
Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit
The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
His brother Niger too, and all the floods
In which the full form'd maids of Afrie lave

Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cor'mandel's coast, or Malabar;
From Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
With insect lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower:
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
And pour untolling harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, Columbus, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish moisture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
The mighty Orellana.† Scarce the Muse
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
The sealike Plata; to whose dread expanse,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In silent dignity they sweep along,
And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds.
And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,
O'er peopled plains they fair diffusive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;
The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons.
Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?

* The river that runs through Siam: on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects, called Fire Flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

By vagrant birds dispersed, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the light that leads to heaven
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of man:

These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire
Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
Which even Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close lurking minister of fate.

Whose high concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! there, sublimed
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
Roam, licensed by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively shining leopard, speckled o'er
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of man,
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles
That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant fang escaped,
The wretch half wishes for his bonds again:
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd from stooping Rome
A gayly Caesar, Liberty retired,

SUMMER.

Her Cato following through Numidian wilds ;
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours ;
When for them she must bend the servile knee
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breatned hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commoved around, in gathering eddies play :
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling Typhon,* whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells :
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
Fiery and foul the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms, hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance first no bigger.

To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds and flame and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,
His broad wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.

With such mad seas the daring Gama* fought,
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant, labouring round the stormy Cape ;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerged
The rising world of trade : the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian Prince ; † who, heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lured by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease and death,
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
The stormy fates descend : one death involves
Tyrants and slaves ; when straight, their mangled limbs
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious stream ; from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads : or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,

* Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

† Don Henry, third son to John the First, King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

In vapours rank and blue corrupt on wrapp'd,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dared to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of pestilent disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless wo,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man
Such as, of late, at Carthage quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene : you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
Saw the deep racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;
Heard, nightly plunged amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse : while on each other fix'd
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends ? From Ethiop's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
The brutes escape : Man is her destined prey,
Intemperate Man ! and o'er his guilty domes
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffused,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men ; unless escaped
From the doom'd house, where m'chless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,

Inhuman und unwise. The sullen door
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society :
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savaged by wo, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
And struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest'd, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing : while, to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
Of brazen vaulted skies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year ;
Fired by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
And, roused within the subterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
Aspiring cities from their solid base,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharged
With wrathful vapour from the secret beds
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various tintured trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till, by the touch ethereal roused,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dim expanse ; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes

Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till overhead a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide: then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail
Or prone descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half raised. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wint'ry load.

Far seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows through her utmost isles.

Guilt hears appall'd, with deep'y troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;
With equal virtue form'd and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved : but such the guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other ble-s'd, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
Th' unequal conflict ; and as angel's look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. " Fear not," he said,
" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,
And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,

With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of wo !
 So, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb,
 The well dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands
 A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger pass'd, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields ; and nature smiles revived.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man
 Most favour'd ! who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ;
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest waked,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears ?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below :
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge ; and through th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on th' pleased spectators round

This is the purest exercise of health,

The kind refresher of the summer heats;
Nor when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserved,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift elapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of a hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat,
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pang.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse murmuring fell, and plaintive breez that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd: save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Plex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bless'd
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks survey'ng, stripp'd her beauteous limbs

To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breast
With youth wild throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild:
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill concealed; and now with streaming locks,
That half embraced her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw:—"Bathe on, my fair
Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood.

So stands the statue* that enchants the world
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her Damon's well known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be described,
 Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem,
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted: even a sense
 Of self approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carved,
 Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
 "Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love
 Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
 Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage: his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vial lustre; that with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy! broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of waking comes: for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attuned to happy unison of soul;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse.
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught

* The Venus of Medici.

With philosophic stores, superior light;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance:
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
 Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,
 Improving and improved. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.
 Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene? * Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the Sister Hills † that skirt her plain,
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent wood
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
 With Her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
 And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God; ‡ to royal Hampton's pile,

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon, Shining, or Splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

‡ In his last sickness.

To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless! while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleased, and unwearied, in his guarded toil

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go; and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside
In genius, and substantial learning, high;

For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provoked,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan

Thy sons of Glory many ! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love ; the best of kings !
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henries shine !
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
 Who, with a generous though mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage,
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
 Frugal and wise, a Walsingham is thine,
 A Drake who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flamed thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign .
 In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd ;
 Raleigh, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd,
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explored the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ,
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he proved.
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he led.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd.
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
 A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold

Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulged,
Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
The grave where Russel lies; whose temper'd blood
With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk
In loose inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the British Cassius,* fearless bled;
Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful sages and in noble bards;
Soon as the light of dawning Science spread
Her orient ray, and waked the Muses' song
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course: him for the studious shade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact, and elegant: in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heaven again.
The generous Ashley† thine, the friend of man;
Who scann'd his nature with a brother's eye,
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whose pious search
Amid the dark recesses of his works,
The great Creator sought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God

* Algernon Sidney.

† Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.

To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime!
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Faucy's pleasing son;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners painting verse,
Well moralized, shines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast:
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by the naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou! by whose Almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and social Love;

The tender-looking Charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
 Courage composed and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough Industry; Activity untired,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the commonweal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
 (So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
 Now half-immersed; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 - Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him!
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself a useless load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Coastless, as now descends the silent dew,
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clot of
 All ether softening, sober Evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air;
 A thousand shadows at her beck First this

She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind : and then a deeper still,
In circle following, comes, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature naught disdains : thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means,
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk and unfrequented ; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories-tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem ; and through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading sot,
The silent hours of love, with purest ray

SUMMER.

Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of Night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
Across the sky ; or horizontal dart
In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the sky,
The life-infusing suns of other worlds !
Lo ! from the dread immensity of space,
Returning, with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious horrors that enslave
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whose godlike minds Philosophy exalts,
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult.
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurs
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;
While, from his far excursion through the wilds
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
In seeming terror clad, but kindly hent
To work the will of all sustaining Love ;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !
Effusive source of evidence and truth !
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon ; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel wing'd,

The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
The First up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the Last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind :
Their highest honour and their truest joy !

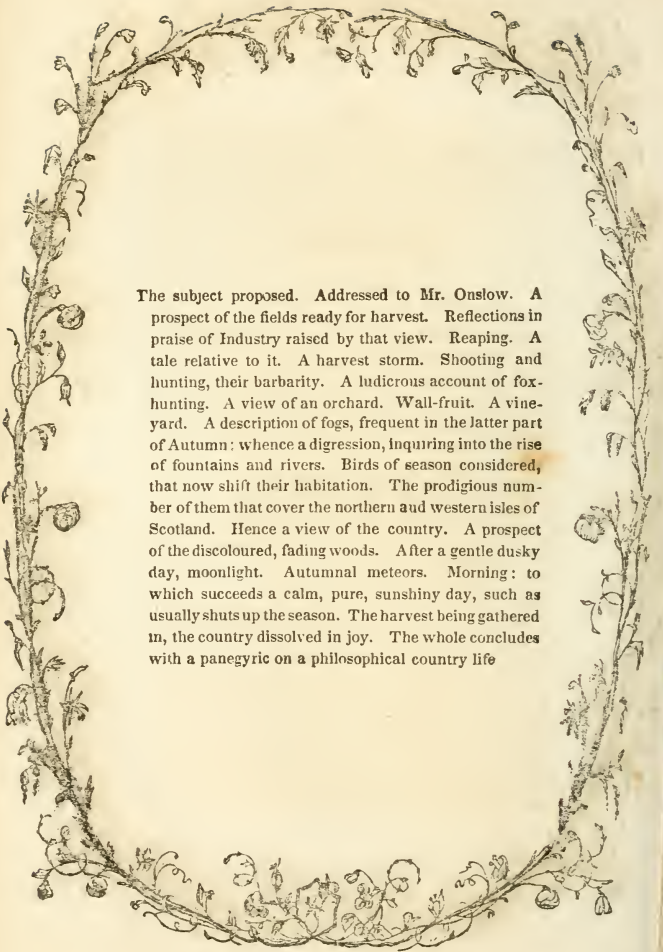
Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his: nor various skill
To turn the furrow or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guilt,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than nonexistence worse: but, taught by thee
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
Poorly confined, the radiant tracks on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex

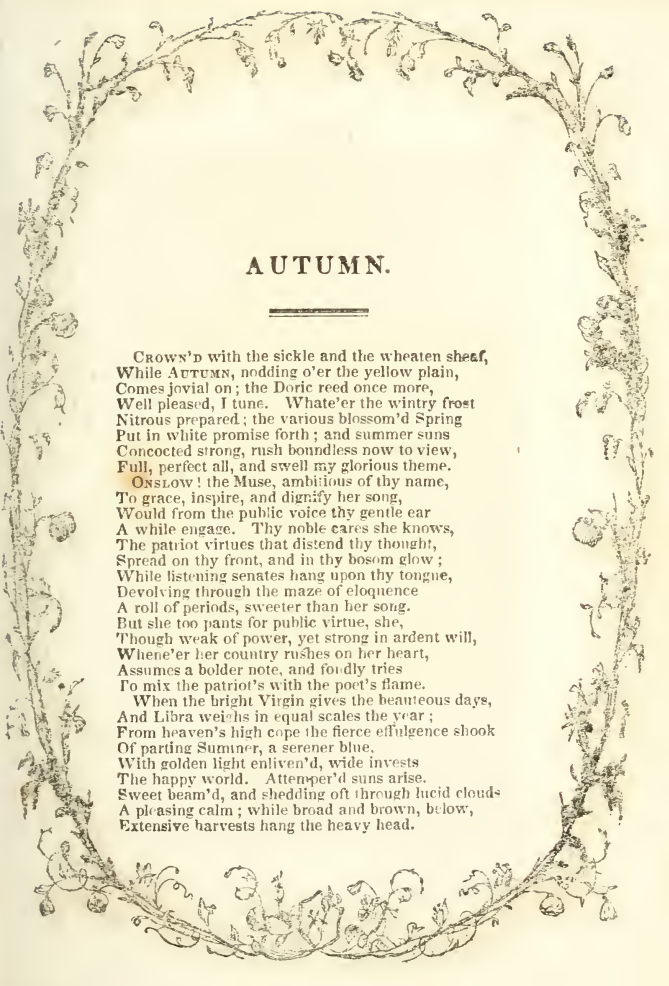
Of never ending wonders, to conceive
Of the **SOLE BEING** right, who spoke the **Word**,
And nature moved complete. With inward view
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud
(So wills Eternal Providence) sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost and vain pursuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless Love and perfect Wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.



AUTUMN.



The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of Industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life



AUTUMN.

Crown'd with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared; the various blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth; and summer suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the public voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue, she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attenu'd suns arise.
Sweet beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.

Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumined field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along
 A gaily chequer'd heart expanding view,
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
 Whom labour still attends and sweat and pain;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
 And all the soft civility of life:
 Raiser of humankind! by Nature cast,
 Naked and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north,
 With winter charged, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter breathing frost:
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;
 And the wild season, sordid, pined away.
 For home he had not; home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss,
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds; and thus his days
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
 A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
 And roused him from his miserable sloth;
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand
 Of Art demanded; show'd him how to raise

His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast ;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,
And wrapp'd them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn ;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
The generous glass around, inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit ;
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ;
But still advancing bolder led him on
To pomp, to plea-ure, elegance, and grace :
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory in his view,
And bade him be the lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combined,
And form'd a Public ; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole ;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial justice at the helm : yet still
To them accountable : nor slavish, dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have raised.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspired,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,

Large, gentle, deep, majestic king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void : the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary wings
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased ; whence, ribb'd with oak
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heaved
Its ample roof ; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores ; the canvass smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination flush'd.

All is the gift of Industry ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
His sat-d eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !
How good the God of harvest is to you ;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth ;
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale ;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye

And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet Lavinia ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
 Palemon was, the generous, and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms, her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :—

“ What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 Of some indecent clown ! she looks, methinks,
 Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair-spreading family dissolved.
 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urged by remembrance sad and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search cold never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were ! ”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart

And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;
Though Poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
'Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and show'ers
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
And of my garden be the pride and joy !
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest fields
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task ;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
'That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !'"

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,

While, pierced with anxious thought, she pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Nor less enraptured than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs
Along the soft inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed and naked to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still overhead
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens: till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted in the sordid wave.
Sudden the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spared
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
along; his drowning ox at once

Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad
Whose toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride—
And, oh ! be mindful of that sparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice.
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy
The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :
How in his mid career the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full,
Fearful and cautious, on the latent prey ;
As in the sun the circling covey back
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more ;
Nor on the surges of the boundless air.
Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
Glanced just and sudden from the fowler's eye,
Overtakes their sounding pinions : and again
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing
Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide dispersed
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song.
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death,
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn :
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtless influence of power

inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
 Scared from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retired: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapp'd
 The thistly lawn, the thick entangled broom.
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature raised to take th' horizon in;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm,
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amazed, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once:
 The pack full opening, various; the shrill horn
 Resounding from the hills; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase; and the loud hunter's shout
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He sprightly puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight;
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
 Deception short! though fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's wo.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish: while the growling pack,
Blood happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase; behold, despising flight,
The roused up lion resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the pretended spear
And coward band that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold;
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chase pursue,
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High bound, resistless; nor the deep morass
Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,

From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawa.
In fancy swallowing up the space between,
Pour all your speed into the rapid game.
For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;
Has every maze evolved, and every guile
Disclosed , who knows the merits of the pack ;
Who saw the villain seized, and dying hard
Without complaint, though by a hundred mouths
Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
With woodland honours graced ; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
When the night staggers with severer toils,
With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
They deep incision make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defaced
While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
Into the pasty plunged, at intervals,
If stomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chase.
Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the lovesick shepherdess,
On violets diffused, while soft she hears
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years ; and now his honest frow
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist awhile
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,

In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulged apart; but earnest brimming bowls
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost,
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul;
And, opening in a full mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls;
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite dissolved. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the sun wading through the misty sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table e'en itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
Slumberous, inclining still from side to side,
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn'.
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
Outlives them all; and from his buried flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the British Fair.
Far be the spirit of the chase from them !
Uncomely courage, unbecoming skill ;
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at once ;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
And by his silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man.
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
Through love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress !
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
To teach the lute to languish : with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm,
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance,
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race
To rear their graces into second life ;
To give society its highest taste ;
Well order'd home man's best delight to make ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life.
This be the female dignity and praise.
Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank ;
Where down yon dale, the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarse from steep to steep In close array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,

With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair :
 Melinda ! form'd with every grace complete.
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise.
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared ;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In every changing composition mix'd.
 Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
 The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue :
 Thy native theme, and boon inspirer too,
 Philips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With British freedom sing the British song :
 How, from Silurian vats, high sparkling wines
 Foam in transparent floods : some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meek'd day ;
 Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of Dodington, thy seat, serene and plain ;
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs
 In boundless prospect : yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks :
 Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ;

New columns swell ; and stil the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green,
Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat :
Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the hay.
Here wandering oft, fired with the restless thirst
Of thy applause, I solitary court
Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum :
The ruddy fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots !
Hangs out her clusters, glowing, to the south ;
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuse, and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame
Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;
That, by degrees fermented and refined,
Round the raised nations pours the cup of joy
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
The mellow tasted burgundy ; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now, by the cool declining year condensed,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd

As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods : the dim-seen river seems
Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds weak and blunt his wide refracted ray ;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless gray confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urged
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoke along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain cisterns fill, those am'le stores
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailling wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore,
Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along.
Nor stops the rest-less fluid, mounting still,
Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,

Far from the parent main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long !
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 O! Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe and all its joyous tribes !
 O thou pervading Genius, given to man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view ;
 Strip from the branching Alps their piny load ;
 The huge encumbrance of horrid woods
 From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds :
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream !
 Or from the sounding summits of the north,
 The Dofrine hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Russ
 Believes the stony girdle* of the world :
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapp'd in storm,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weliki Camenpoy* ; that is, *the great stony Girdle* ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth

Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign
His subterranean wonders spread ! unven
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains* of the Moon !
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
Amazing scene ! behold ! the glooms disclose ;
I see the rivers in their infant beds !
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free ;
I see the leaning straits, artful ranged :
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd :
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst :
And welling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condensed
These vapours, in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full adjusted harmony of things.
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotape.

Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierced by frost, the cavern sweats
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork assembly meets: for many a day,
Consulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders close,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figured flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of furthest Thule, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides:
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's seagirt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore! or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here awhile the Muse,
High hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,

Invested with a keen diffusive sky,
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full ; winding deep and green her fertile vales ;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, silvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
Nurse of a people, in Misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
By Learning, when before the gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero ! ill requited chief !)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the boreal morn.

Oh ! is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike luxury is placed,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity ; some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry ? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain ?
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores ;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjured, round the sea-encircled globe ;

And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *Argyle*,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye ;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph sees
Her every virtue, every grace combined,
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage tried,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow ;
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, *Forbes*, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown'd ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the Season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current : while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his softened force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things :
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet ;
To sooth the throbbing passions into peace ;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,

And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint.
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swoll'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And naught save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob o'er the sky, the leafy deluge streams ;
Till choaked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd
Of stronger fruit's falls from the naked tree ;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power
Of Philosophic Melancholy comes !
His near approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
Inflames imagin'ion ; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness ; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.

As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied and as high : Devotion raised
 To rapture and divine astonishment ;
 The love of Nature unconfined, and, chief,
 Of human race ; the large ambitious wish
 To make them bless'd ; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear :
 With all the social offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms ;
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, through the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
 In countless numbers bless'd Britannia sees ;
 O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of Stowe !*
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fired, such ardent genius tamed
 By cool judicious art : that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes,
 Or in that Temple† where in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse bless'd, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
 Will tread in thought the groves of Attic land ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth

* The seat of Lord Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her, thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every passion speaks: O, through her strain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
Of honest Zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And shakes Corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elysian vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,
Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hosts! when the proud foe,
The faithless ain disturber of mankind,
Insulting Gaul, has roused the world to war:
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
The British youth would hail thy wish command,
Thy temper'd ardour, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day;
And hush'd Evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the Moon
Full orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube descends,
A smaller earth, gives up his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blotted from the sky her light

Fainting, permits v. starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven;
 Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagions through the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapp'd in fierce ascending flame ;
 Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour : e'en Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black and deep the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark
 Full of pale fancies and chimeras huge ;
 Nor visit'd by one direct ray,

From cottage streaming, or from airy hall
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wildfire scatters round, or, gather'd, trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorb'd,
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:
While still, from day to day, his pining wife
And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
Sent by the better genius of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shows the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or else
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthen'd night elapsed, the Morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew drops twinkle round.

Ah, see where robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
And, used to milder scents, the tender race,
By thousands, tumble from their honied domes,
Convolved, and agonizing in the dust.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaseless the burning Summer heats away?
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when obliged,
Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food
Can you not borrow: and in just return,

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;
Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on some smiling day?
See where the stony bottom of their town
Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate,) is seized
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involved,
Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame.

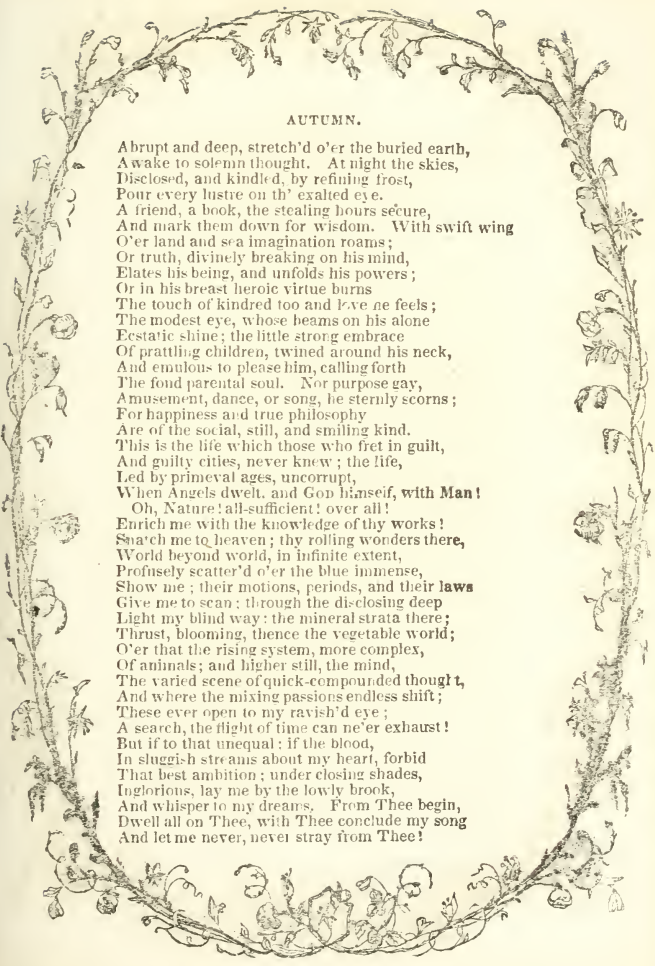
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffused, grows warm and high
Infinite splendour! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply tinged
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure throned,
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never ceasing round.

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men,
The happiest he! who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasure of the Rural Life

What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused?
 Vile intercourse! what though the glittering robe
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
 What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death? What though his bow
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
 What though he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estranged
 To disappointment and fallacious hope;
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounties rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting: nor the milky dove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth: plain Innocence:
 Unsullied Beauty; sound unbroken Youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleased;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

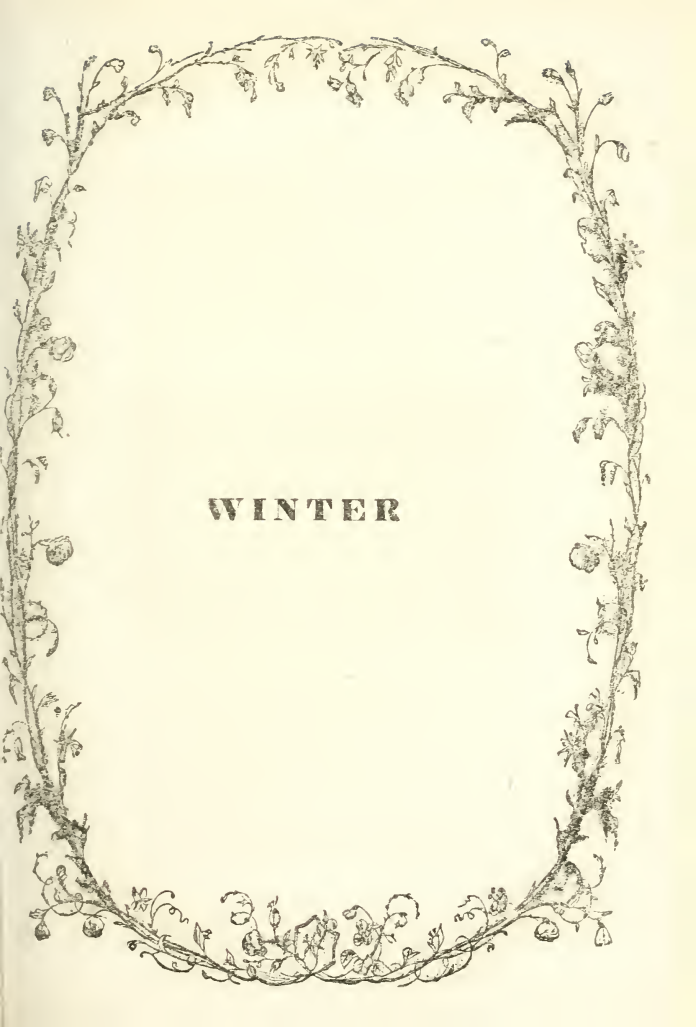
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy
 Rush into blood, the suck of cities seek,
 Unpierced, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry

Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urged or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct; and that ferment,
Mad, into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp and dark cabals delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapp'd close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states
Move not the man who, from the world escaped,
In still retreats and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seized by the general joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and, through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,

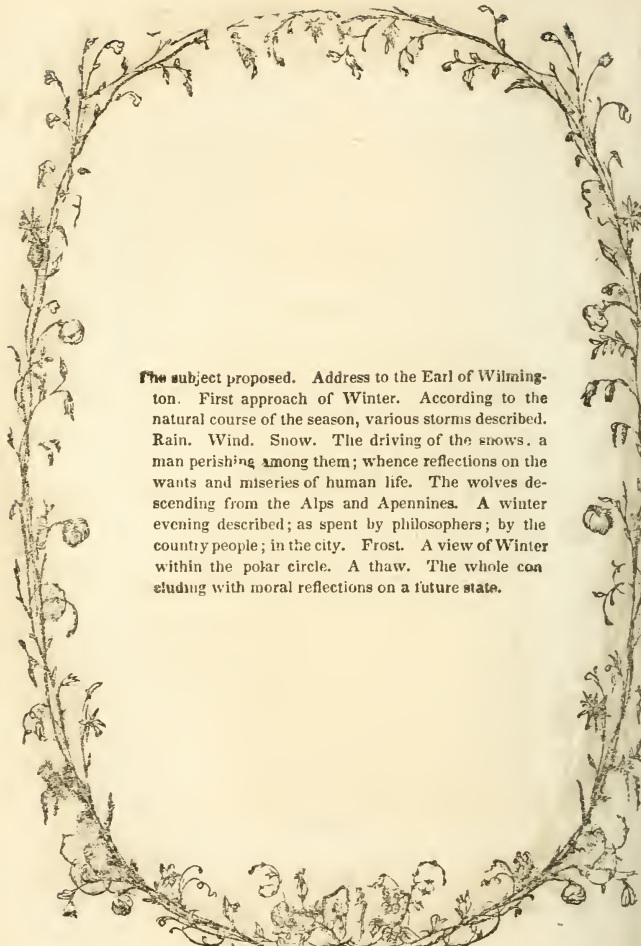


AUTUMN.

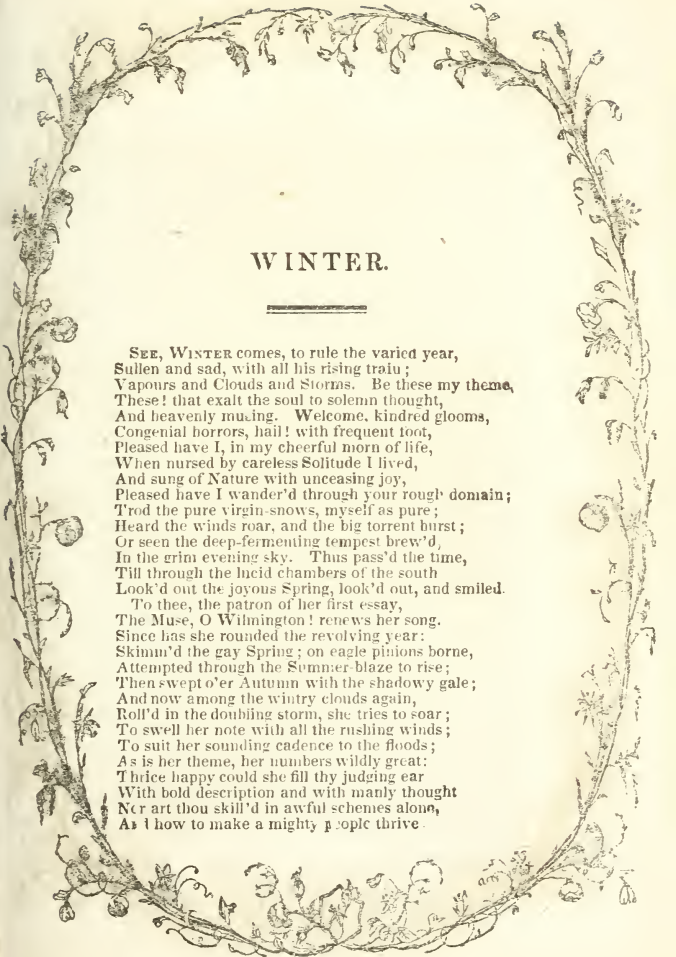
Abrupt and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclosed, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twined around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social, still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!
Oh, Nature! all-sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way: the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal: if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song
And let me never, never stray from Thee!



WINTER



The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows. a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.



WINTER.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours and Clouds and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms,
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleased have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nursed by careless Solitude I lived,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleased have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smiled.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description and with manly thought
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone,
As how to make a mighty people thrive.

But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free ;
These, each exalting each, the statesman ligh
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
Hung o'er the furthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines.
Through the thick air ; as clo'ed in cloudy storm
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-tinged and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter fits,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm :
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractured mountains wild, the bawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrap'd in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain

Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
To take their passtime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminant in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor reckes the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swe'l'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours a'long :
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o'er the sauded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils and wheels and foams and thunders through

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works !
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings !
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ? say,
Where your aerial magazines reserved,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ?
In what far distant region of the sky

Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

• Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey : while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf :
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
E'en as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove :
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
The circling seafowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn :
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
mighty waters : now th' inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts: if some sharp rock
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at hand the loosen'd tempest reigns.
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 'The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager howls the savage blast.
 Then too, they say, through a'l the burden'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of wo and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky
 All nature reels. Till nature's King, who oft
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
 And on the wings of the careering wind
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
 Then straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
 Slow meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
 Let me associate with the serious Night,
 And contemplation, her sedate compeer;
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
 And lay the madd'ning senses all aside.

Where now, ye living vanities of life!
 Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?

Vexation, disappointment, and remorse :
Sad, sickening thought ! and yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolved.
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou Good supreme !
O teach me what is good ! teach me Thyself !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure.
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise : and fanning dun
From all the livid east or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all : save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head ; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats : then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance.
And pecks and starts and wonders where he is ;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds

Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The bars,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills
The billowy tempest whelms; till, upward urged
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipp'd with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise; and, foul and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose-revolting fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain.
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and bless'd abode of man!
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices hure,
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps : and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift ;
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround.
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want and dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
E'en in the vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retired distress. How many stand

Around the deathbed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous hand,*
Who, touch'd with human wo, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans ;
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants raged ;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth
Pore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
E'en robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ;
The freeborn Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great design ! if executed well,
With patient care and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of Mercy ! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to preplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade)
How glorious were the day ! that saw these broke
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine roused, from all the tract

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps
And wavy Apennine and Pyrenees
Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
Cruel as death and hungry as the grave !
Burning for blood ! bony and gaunt and grim !
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him naught.
E'en beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glances
The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear 'inhuman to relate !'
The disappointed prowlers fall and dig
The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades and frighted ghosts, they howl
Among those hilly regions, where embraced
In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ;
Oft rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
From steep to steep loud-thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.
Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of Winter, while without
The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat
Between the groaning forest and the shore
Beat by the boundless multitudes of waves,
A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit
And hold high converse with the mighty Dead,
Sages of ancient time, as gods revered,
As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind

With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
 Roused at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-lived volume; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants single stood,
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,
 That voice of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death:
 Great moral teacher! Wisest of mankind!
 Solon the next, who built his commonweal
 On equity's wide base; by tender laws
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling Greece and humankind.
 Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, severely wise,
 All human passions. Following him, I see,
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 The firm devoted chief,* who proved by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.
 Then Aristides lifts his honest front;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of Just;
 In pure majestic poverty revered:
 Who, e'en his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears
 Cimon sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art;
 Modest and simple, in the pomp of wealth.
 Then the last worthies of declining Greece,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 Timolcon, happy temper! mild and firm,
 Who wept the brother while the tyrant bled.
 And, equal to the best, the Theban Pair,‡

* Leonidas.

† Themistocles.

‡ Pelsopidas and Epaminondas

Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
Their country raised to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life severe,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind
And he, the last of old Lyncurgus' sons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train:
Aratus, who a while relumed the soul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece;
And he, her darling as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly loved:
Her better Founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons:
Servius the king, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast republic spread.
Then the great consuls venerable rise.
The public Father* who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad
He whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, scorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim,† Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus

With Friendship and Philosophy retired.
 Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
 Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme :
 And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state,
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !
 Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and, equal by his side,
 The British Muse : join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame,
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skiiful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported Athens with the moral scene ;
 Nor those who, tuneful, waked th' enchanted lyre.

First of your kind ! society divine !
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserved,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
 Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;
 See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refined,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart ?
 For though not sweeter his own Homer sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, Hammond ? thou, the darling pride,
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng !
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasured store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name ?
What now, alas ! that life diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile !
Ah ! only showed to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humble hopes that life is vain !

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe or solemn, as the theme inspired :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from th' Eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves or
In higher order ; fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeds of time .
Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
Then, even superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder : where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,

We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before;
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
While well attested, and as well believed,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleased: the long loud laugh sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid,
On purpose guardless or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme and warm with mix'd discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Upsprings the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd and evolved, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves.
While, a gay insect in his summer shine,
The fop, light fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,

Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil* show'd.

O Thou, whose wisdom solid yet refined,
Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
Of polish'd life ; permit the rural Muse,
O Chesterfield, to grace with thee her song !
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition in thy train
(For every Muse has in thy train a place),
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind :
To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ;
That elegant politeness, which excels,
E'en in the judgment of presumptuous France,
The boasted manners of her shining court ;
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
The truth of Nature, which with Attic point
And kind well temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
'Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
'Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
Thou to assenting reason givest again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And e'en reluctant party feels a while
'Thy gracious power : as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound, and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy loved haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold, the joyous winter days,
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,
For aught too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.

* A character in *The Conscious Lovers*, written by
Sir R. Steele.

Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constricting; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves.
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; the sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
Derived, thou secret all-invading power,
Whom even the illusive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shaped
Like double wedges, and diffused immense
Through water, earth, and ether? hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffused,
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half dissolved by day,
Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, seized from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;
Till Morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
Prone from the dripping eve, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancied figures rise;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refined the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleased with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolved; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptured boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long resounding course. Meantime to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;
But soon elapsed. The horizontal sun,
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray:
Or from the forest falls the clust'ring snow

Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
 Worse than the Season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the frigid zone:
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide roams the Rus-ian exile. Naught around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow;
 And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
 And cheerless towns far distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay,*
 With news of humankind. Yet there life glows.
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,
 The furry nations harbour: tipp'd with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;
 Sab'es, of glossy black: and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousand besides, the costly pride of courts.
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head
 Raised o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguined snows,
 And, with loud shouts rejoicing, bears them home.
 There through the piny forest half absorb'd,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;

* The old name for China.

Slow-paced, and sourer as the storms increase,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint
Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Bootes urge his tardy wain,
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierced,
Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relumed the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,
Drove martial horde on horde,† with dreadful sweep
Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever tortured maze
Of pleasure or ambition bid it rage.

Their reindeer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholesome fare and cheerful cups.
Obsequious at their call, 'he docile tribe
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marble snow, as far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glazed.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
E'en in the depth of polar night they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees, extends the swelling curve!
Th' I seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,

* The Northwest wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where purer Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
 And fringed with roses Tengliot rolls his stream,
 Thy draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secured
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters wo.

Still pressing on, beyond Tornea's lake,
 And Hecia flaming through a waste of snow,
 And furthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where, falling gradual, life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath another sky.†
 Throned in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
 Here arms his winds with all subduing frost;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence, winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi, in Lapland, says, "From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

† The same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tengliot) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

‡ The other hemisphere.

She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
And icy mountains high on mountains piled
Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds
Projected huge and horrid o'er the surge,
Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide rend the deep and shake the solid pole.
Ocean itself no longer can resist
The binding fury : but, in all its rage
Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their last look of the descending sun,
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the Briton's* fate,
As with first prow (what have not Britons dared ?)
He for the passage sought, attempted since
So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In these fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the stormy deep his idle ship
Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
Each full exerted at his several task,
Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued
The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
Rolls the wild Obi, live the last of men ;
And half enliven'd by the distant sun,
That rears and ripens man as well as plants,
Here human Nature wears its rudest form.
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
Here by dull fires and with unjoyous cheer
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,
Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the northeast passage.

Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man ? Wide-stretching from these shores,
A people savage from remotest time,
A huge neglected empire, one vast mind,
By heaven inspired, from gothic darkness call'd.
Immortal Peter ! first of monarchs ! he
His stubborn country tamed, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her seas, her ill submitting sons ;
And while the fierce barbarian he subdued,
To more exalted soul he raised the man.
Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long successive ages to build up
A labouring plan of state, behold at once
The wonder done ! behold the matchless prince !
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty shadow of unreal power ;
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts
And roaming every land, in every port
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
Charged with the stores of Europe, home he goes !
Then cities rise amid th' illumined waste ;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd ;
Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The fanatic Alexander of the north,
And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that roused the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade :
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforced,
More potent still, his great example show'd.

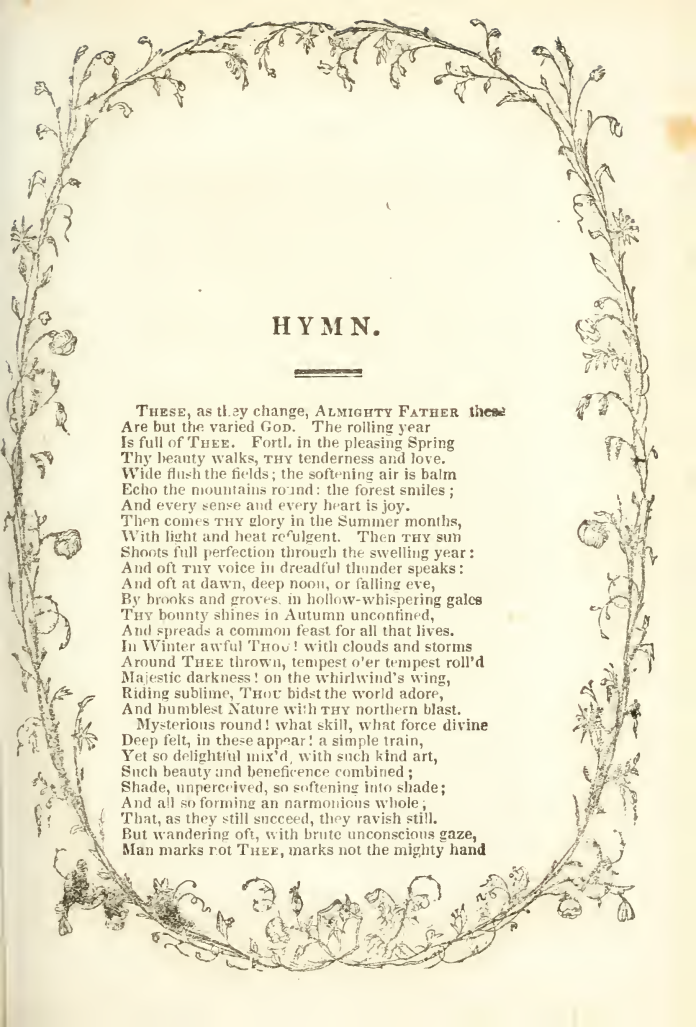
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charged,
That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round?
Heart gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan,
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while through the gloom
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever waking eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man.
See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

Of happiness ? those longings after fame !
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never failing friend of Man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refined clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power
And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
Why unassuming Worth in secret lived,
And died, neglected : why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pined
In starving solitude ; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants ; why heaven-born Truth
And Moderation fair wore the red marks
Of Superstition's scourge : why licensed Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Embitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more :
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.





HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm
Echo the mountains round: the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU! bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints
Ye forests, bend, ye harvests, wave, to HIM;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,
From world to world the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The Thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Beat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;

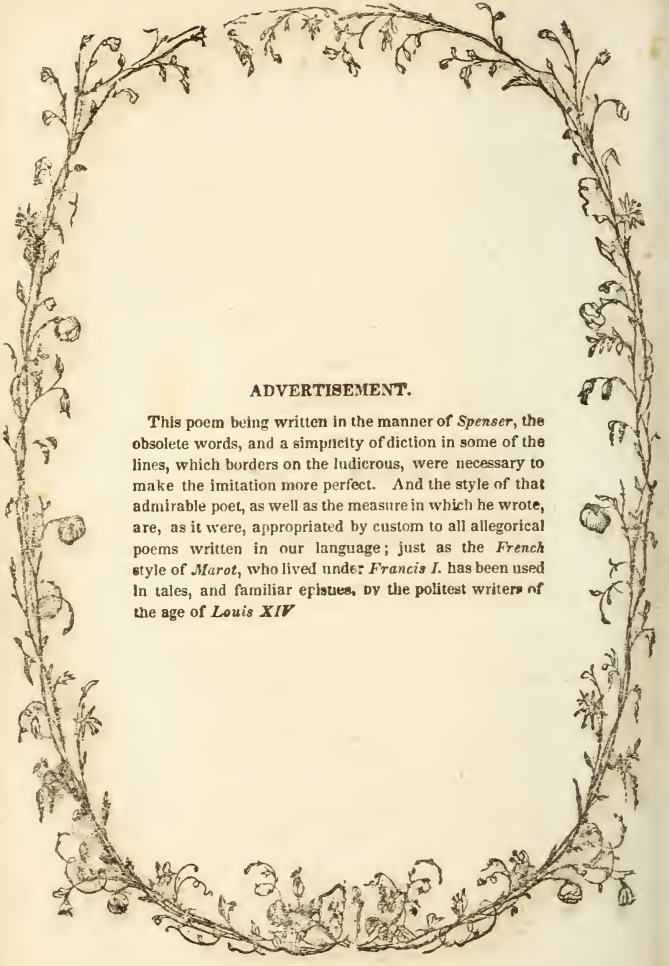
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of SEASONS, as they roll!
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the furthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th'Atlantic isles; 'tis naught to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes their must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming Evil still educating Good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable!
Come then, expressive Silence muse His praise.



THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.
AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM.



ADVERTISEMENT.

This poem being written in the manner of *Spenser*, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems written in our language; just as the *French* style of *Marot*, who lived under *Francis I.* has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of *Louis XIV*

THE CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

The castle hight of indolence,
And its false luxury ;
Where for a little time, alas !
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

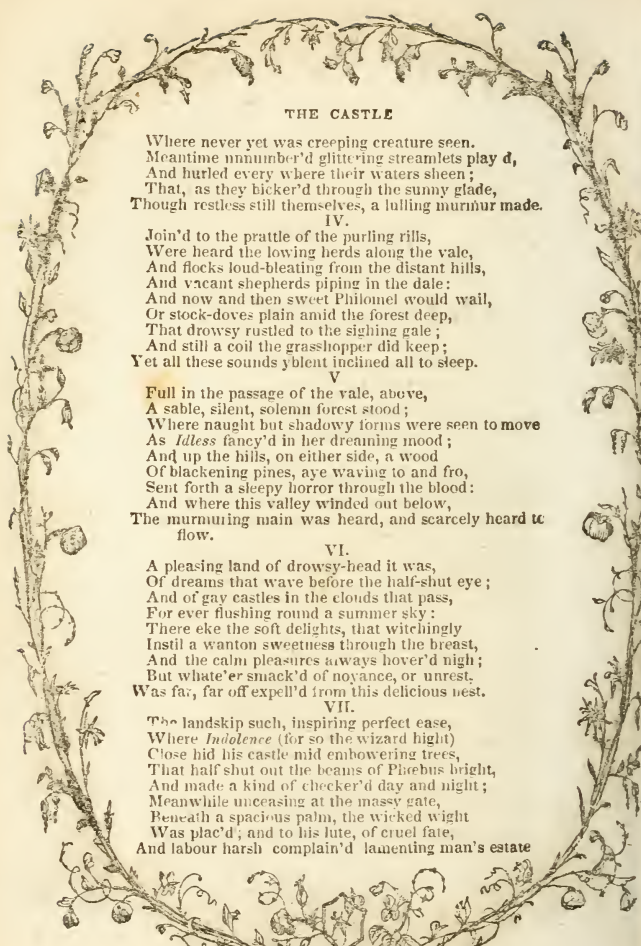
O MORTAL MAN, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wall
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizzard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season between *June* and *May*,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd.
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play

III.

Was naught around but images of rest :
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,



THE CASTLE

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds ybient inclined all to sleep.

V

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where naught but shadowy forms were seen to move
As *Idless* fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood:
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to
flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where *Indolence* (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh complain'd lamenting man's estate

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass-thereby :
 For as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill.
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his syren melody ;
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

IX.

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 " See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
 " See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 " Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of *May* !
 " What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 " Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 " From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 " From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky

X.

" Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 " Ten thousand throats ! that, from the flowering thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them move :
 " They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
 " E'er to the barn the nodden sheaves they drove ;
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 " Whatever crowns the hill or smiles along the vale

XI.

" Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
 " Of bitter-drooping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 " Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
 " And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
 " For when a hard-hearted *Interest* first began
 " To poison earth, *Astrea* left the plain ;
 " Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
 " Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
 " You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 " Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,

" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 " For ever vain : come, and, withouten fee,
 " I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 " Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
 " Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

XIII.

" With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
 " To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;
 " Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 " And sell fair honour for some paltry pounce ;
 " Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 " To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 " Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds,
 " Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
 " In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear ;
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall ;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
 " No hammers thump ! no horrid blacksmith fear ;
 " No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear :
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of *Sybarite* of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here naught but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 " Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down :
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always please :
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town :
 " Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense :
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
 " A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm ;
 " Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 " Above those passions that this world deform,
 " And torture man, a proud malignant worm ?
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 " And gentle stir the heart, thereby to form
 " A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
 " Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still more gay

XVII.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose :
 "They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 "Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
 "Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 "E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
 "The most renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 "From a base world at last have stol'n away :
 "So *Scipio*, to the soft *Cumæan* shore
 "Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
 "Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 "Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 "Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
 "Or softly stealing, with your wat'ry gear,
 "Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
 "You may delude: The whilst, amus'd, you hear
 "Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh
 "Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

"O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 "Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 "When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 "And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
 "With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 "To those who mock you gone to *Pluto's* reign,
 "There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
 "But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 "To toil for what you here untailing may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song :
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng :
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slept along,
 In silent ease : as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft embodied Fays through airy portal stream.

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began :
 Though some there w're who would not further pass
 And his alluring baits suspected lian,

The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them straight;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant crew,
 Who sought to pull high *Jove* from regal state;
 Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of sallow hue:
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace:
 So when a maiden fair of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming *May* of charms,
 Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warns,
 Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep:
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would faint'y peep
 Then, taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call;
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded naught at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each hand to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 o this same limber page to all performed it.

OF INDOLENCE.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter set him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court upthrew
A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
It was a fountain of *Nepenthe* rare:
Whence, as *Dan Homer* sings, huge pleasure grew,
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more
fair.

XXVIII.

'This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten trump was proclamation made:
"Ye sons of *Indolence*, do what you will;
"And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleasure for another staid;
"Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy:
"He little merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one oftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the *Hebrid Isles*,*
Pac'd far amid the melancholy main,

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland, called
the *Hebrides*

(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;
 Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean *Phæbus* dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro:
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound !
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?
 Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of *Jove* ; touch'd by celestial fire !
 Which yet shall sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of *Britain* will inspire ;
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless age

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 No cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand
 The pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band ;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
 So that each spacious room was one full swelling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round :
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 E'en undemanded by a sign or sound ;

You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Air-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy :
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gail,
 Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale ;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale :
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely-dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart
 Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart : [part
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace in

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
 What time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed :
 Fleest sons of nature they ! true golden age indeed !

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
 The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
 Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hues
 Or savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Poussin* drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.

L

Aerial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoooves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd :
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight ;
 Whence, with just cause, *The Harp of Æolus** it hight

XLI.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
 Who up the lofty Diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul ?
 Now rising love they fann'd ; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart ;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart :
 Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art

XLII.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
 Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tigris'* shore,
 In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store ;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore :
 When sleep was coy, the bard,† in waiting there,
 Chær'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore ;
 Ce nposing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

* This is not an imagination of the author ; there being, in fact, such an instrument, called *Æolus's harp*, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The *Arabian Caliphs* had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together melt :
At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to cal
The demons of the tempest, growling tell,
Yet the least entrance found they none at all ;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall

XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tint and grace :
O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And shed a roscate smile on nature's face.
Not *Titian's* pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishing lay.

XLV.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colours that like you can glow :
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland
Pour'd all th' *Arabian Heaven* upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
E'en feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;
Who hurl the wretch, as it to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beeling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ; [keep.
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :

Evolve the sacred shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And let them virtue with a look impart:
 But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt wo the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive—Bid the morn of youth
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
 To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supplied;
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
 My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste!

L.

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penury;
 Most like to carcass parch'd on gallows-tree:
A penny saved is a penny got:
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot

LI.

Straight from the filth of this low grub, behold:
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer-air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This gloat portray'd the race of learned men,
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
 As if inspired, and in a *Thespian* rage:
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage:
 Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly
 store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
 Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew:
 See how they dash along from wall to wall!
 At every door, hark how they thundering call!
 Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
 Why on each other with fell tooth to fall;
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

LIV.

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 Th' important shoulder: then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner *Jurifer** recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret:
 When lo! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd their cares,
 In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most show'd the vanity of life,
 Was to behold the rations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife;
 Most christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 Then set them down just where they were before,
 'Till for new scenes of wo peace shall their force re-
 store.

* The morning star

LVI

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and eke an endless task;
 From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
 To gipsies brown, in summer-glades who bask.
 Yea, many a man perdie I could unmask,
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
 With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that ask
 For place or pension laid in decent row;
 But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
 There was a man of special grave remark:
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive, not sad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
 As soot this man could sing as morning lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
 But these his talents were yburied stark;
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
 Which boon or nature gave, or nature-painting art.

LVIII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep inviting sound,
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and chamomile are found;
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
 For of the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mousted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd
 Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field.
 And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
 (Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
 One shyer still, who quite detested talk:
 Oft shing by spleen, at once away he broke,

To groves of pine, and broad o'ershading oak ;
 There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
 And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
 Ne ever utter'd word save when first shone [done."
 The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven! the day is

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
 For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
 In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
 And sure his linen was not very clean.
 Through secret loop-holes that had practis'd been,
 Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
 Unkempt and rough, of squalid face and mien,
 Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
 Certes he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
 Turning the night to day, and day to night :
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
 When springtide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still the exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore :
 Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
 Who, whilst he staid, he kept in gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of *June* a burni-h'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Cheer'd by the breu'ling bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng ;
 And oft he sips his bowl ; or nealy drown'd,
 He thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound :
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
 Serene, yet warm; humane, yet firm his mind,
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad;
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses led,
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
 When, as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

LXVI.

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
 "But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
 "To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 "Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
 "Yet when at last thy toils but ill afraid
 "Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 "Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 "There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark;
 "We then a lodge for thee will rear in *Hagley Park*."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' *Escopus** of the age;
 But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
 E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap;
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum: Now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd judgment
 takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fit than bard beseems;
 Who† void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain:
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat;
 Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
 Of moralizing sage: his ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the author.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
 And straight would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded naught
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs:
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
 When in the *Hall of Smoke* they congress hold,
 And the sage berry, sun-burnt *Mocha* bears,
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoke enroll'd,
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court;
 Bevvies of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay pour'd out in ease and luxury.
 Or should they a vain show of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
 And labour dire it is, and weary wo,
 They sit, they loth, turn o'er some idle rhyme;
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step, and slow:
 This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villany we found,
 But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown:
 A place here was, deep dreary, under ground;
 Where still our inmates when displeasing grown,

Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan ;
 For of these wretches taken was no care :
 Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were
 LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway,
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly sleep oppress,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
 To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
 And his half open'd eyne he shut straightway :
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath

LXXV.

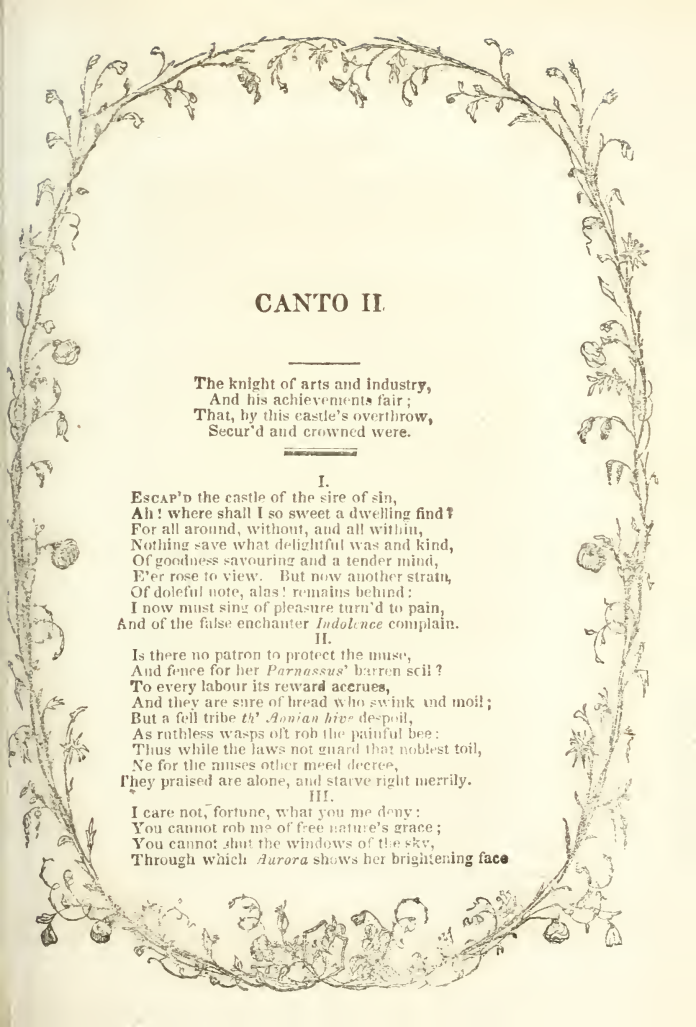
Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swolln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy* :
 Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply ;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did *Hypochondria* sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various die,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made conchen low :
 She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the subtiles know.
 And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
 And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro ;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burning ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling wings ;
 The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 While *Apoplexy* cram'm'd intemperance knocks
 own to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.



CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair ;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter *Indolence* complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
And fence for her *Parnassus'* barren soil ?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and toil ;
But a fell tribe th' *Annian hive* despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee :
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which *Aurora* shows her brightening face

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the *great children* leave :
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song ;
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
 To sweep away this human lumber came,
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In *Fairy Land* there liv'd a knight of old,
 Of feature stern, *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
 But wondrous poor : he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;
 Now scorch'd by *June*, now in *November* steep'd
 Now pinch'd by biting *January* sore,
 He still in woods pursued the libbard and the boar

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame *Poverty*, not fair nor coy :
 Her he compress'd and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the greenwood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustybed,
The Knight of Arts and Industry, by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame,
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme

VIII.

So pass'd his youthful morning void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run;
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son,
 And certes had been utterly undone;
 But that *Minerva* pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook;
 He did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
 Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pried through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reign;
 Or else he scann'd the Globe, those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heavenly truth, and practise what she thought
 Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits,
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,

Forth-calling ali with which boon earth is fraught,
 Sometimes he plied the strong mechanic tool,
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
 And oft he put himself to *Neptune's* school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he tried
 To touch the kindling canvass into life ;
 With nature his creating pencil vied,
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife :
 Or, to such shapes as grac'd *Pygmalion's* wife,
 He hew'd the marble : or, with varied fire,
 He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
 Or verses fram'd that well might wake *Apollo's* lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issued,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;
 The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise ;
 To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;
 Naught to be seen but savage wood, and skies ;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man ;
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd :
 The strongest still the weakest overran ;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and wo ;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
 To say how this *best Sun*, from orient climes
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chasing idolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :
 Then *Egypt*, *Greece*, and *Rome*, their golden times,
 Successive, had ; but now in ruins gray
 They lie, to sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, *Sir Industry* then spread
 The swelling sail and made for *Britain's* coast.
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
 All careless rambling where it lik'd them most :
 Their wealth the wild deer, bouncing through the
 glade ;
 They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;
 Save spear and bow withouten other aid ;
 Yet not the *Roman* steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the element skies,
 He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains ;
 Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries)
 This, whilst my labours *Liberty* sustains,
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
 Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
 To freedom apt, and persevering pains,
 Mild to obey, and generous to command,
 Temper'd by forming *Heaven* with kindest firmest
 hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever arts and industry can frame :
 What ever finish'd agriculture knows,
 Fair queen of arts ! from heaven itself who came,
 When *Fden* flourish'd in unspotted fame :
 And still with her sweet innocence we find,
 And tender peace, and joys without a name,
 That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :
 Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
 And Lade the fervent city glow with toil ;
 Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous stores ;
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
 While o'er th' encircling deep *Britannia's* thunder
 roars

XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward cal d,
 From the fam'd city* by *Propontick* sea,
 What time the *Turk* th' enfeebled *Grecian* thrall d;
 Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
 And brought them to another *Castalie*,
 Where *Isis* many a famous noursling breeds;
 Or where old *Cam* soft-paces o'er the lea
 In pensive mood, and tunes his *Doric* reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and slow increast;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease.
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other
 fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear *Mæcenas'* name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits. cheer! still, still remains
 Th' *Eternal Patron, Liberty*; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains,
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in *Britain-Land*,
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone comma d,
 Laws stablish'd by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the
 heart.

* Constantinople

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in *Deva's* vale,
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
 His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
 Exceed soft *India's* cotton, or her silk;
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening star,
 Or of *September*-moons the radiance mild.
 O hide thy head, abominable war!
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
 From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vild.

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
 New scenes arise, new landskips strike the eye,
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before:
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with *Ceres'* store,
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd nature with a finer hand.
 Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
 'Tis art's alone the beauties to expand:
 In graceful dance inmingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Poles, Flora, and *Pomona* play'd:
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
 An happy place: where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowing brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for aye?
 That soul-enslaving wizard *Indolence*,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
 Spread far as I wide was *his* curs'd influence;

Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the sense,
 E'en much of private; eat our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout;
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd; snatch it as he can.
 Thus *Vice* the standard rear'd; her arrier ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 "Mind, mind yourselves! why should the vulgar man
 "The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
 "Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose:
 "Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
 "Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close!
 "The demon *Indolence* thy toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks:
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snow
 Of venerable old; his eye full-speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (he cried,) so help me God! destroy
 That villain Archimage.—His page then straight
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
 Penempt *Despatch*. "My sreed be at the gate;
 "My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
 This net was twisted by the sisters three;
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch too late
 Repentance comes; replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
 Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight.
 As is his sister* of the copses green,

*The Nightingale.

He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind : all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the knight,) a voice has reach'd mine ear :
The demon *Indolence* threatens overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear :
Come *Philomelus* ; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay h's castle low.
Those men, those wretched men ! who *will* be slaves.
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe :
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigour saves,

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright : sprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along disdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;
An honest, sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode :
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss,
What else so fit for man to settle well ?
And still their long researches met in this,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel :
" From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conscious soul
" While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
" The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
" Will thro' the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And spite e'en of themselves their sen-es cheer :
Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer,
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song ; and without hurry all seem'd glad

XXXVIII.

' As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive.'
 (The half enraptur'd *Philomelus* cried;
 "The frail good man deluded here to live,
 "And in these groves his musing fancy hile.
 "Ah! naught is pure. It cannot be denied,
 "That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 "And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 "But that our charity be not too nice?
 "Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice."

XXXIX.

"Ay, sicker. (quoth the knight,) all flesh is frail,
 "To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
 "But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 "And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
 "Justice were cruel weakly to relent:
 "From *Mercy's* self she got her sacred glaive:
 "Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
 "But penance, long and dreary, to the slave,
 "Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said.
 But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
 The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings;
 With magic dusk their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
 What pity base his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
 But they instead a ill-transom'd to stone.
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite

Th' lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
 Meantime, the silly crowd the charm devour,
 While pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew its
 power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre of old,
 The wary* *Retiarius* trap'd his foe;
 E'en so the knight returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the *Net of Wo*,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He set him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprites in cavern bound;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
 Huge crowds on crowds out pour'd, with blemish'd
 look,

As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was spent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext *Avernus'* hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir *Industry* the first calm moment stole.
 "There must, (he cried,) amid so vast a shoal,
 "Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 "Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
 "Come then my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
 "Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His *British* harp, its speaking strings he tried,
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,

* A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw
 over his adversary.

Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung,
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him
 throng.

XLVII.

Thus ardent burst his strain.—

"Ye hapless race,
 "Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 "That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 "And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
 "What is th' ador'd *supreme Perfection*, say?
 "What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 "Almighty power, and all-directing day;
 "By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
 "Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole

XLVIII.

Come, to the beaming *God* your hearts unfold!
 Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mould,
 "To seraphs burning round th' *Almighty's* throne.
 "Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 "Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
 "In universal nature this clear shown,
 "Not needeth proof; to prove it were, I wis,
 "To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 "A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
 "Do not the skies with active ether clean,
 "And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
 "The foul November fogs, and slumbrous mass,
 "With which sad nature veils her drooping face?
 "Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 "Gay-dancing on, the purid pool disgrace?
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

"It was not by vile loitering and ease,
 "That *Greece* obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
 "That soft but ardent *Athens* learn'd to please,
 "To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,

" In all supreme ! complete in every part !
 " It was not thence majestic *Rome* arose,
 " And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart :
 " For slug-gard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 " Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded naught,
 " But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
 " Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 " Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 " Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;
 " No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 " No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
 " With brother-brutes the human race had gaz'd ;
 " None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, non-
 prais'd.

LII.

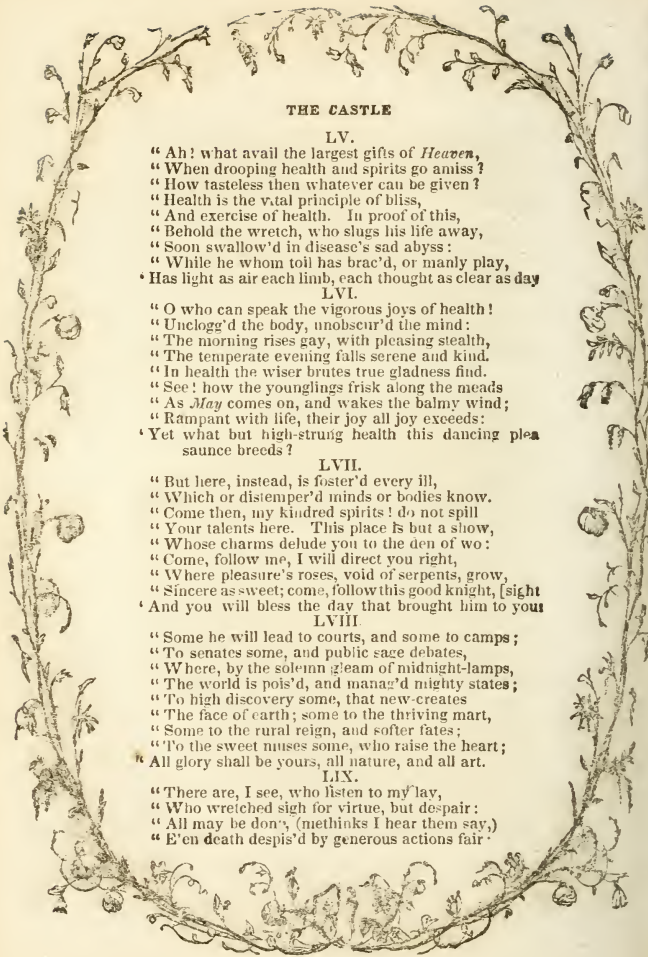
" Great *Homer's* song had never fir'd the breast
 " To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds ;
 " Sweet *Maro's* muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 " Had silent slept amid the *Mincian* reeds :
 " The wits of modern time had told their beads,
 " And monkish legends been their only strains ;
 " Our *Milton's Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds, [swains,
 " Our *Shakespeare* stroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick*
 " Ne had my master *Spenser* charm'd his *Mulla's* plains.

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
 " And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame ;
 " Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 " Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
 " Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 " Who then had scorn'd his ease for other's good ?
 " Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame ?
 " Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 " And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

LIV.

" But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 " If nought I read, you pleasure all require :
 " Then fear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
 " How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire ;
 " Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
 " Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire
 " In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
 " O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !



THE CASTLE

LV.

"Ah! what avail the largest gifts of *Heaven*,
"When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
"How tasteless then whatever can be given?
"Health is the vital principle of bliss,
"And exercise of health. In proof of this,
"Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
"Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss:
"While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
"Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day

LVI.

"O who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
"Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
"The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
"The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
"In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
"See! how the younglings frisk along the meads
"As *May* comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
"Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
"Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea
saunce breeds?

LVII.

"But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
"Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
"Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
"Your talents here. This place is but a show,
"Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
"Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
"Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
"Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good knight, [sight
"And you will bless the day that brought him to you!

LVIII.

"Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
"To senates some, and public sage debates,
"Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
"The world is pois'd, and manar'd mighty states;
"To high discovery some, that new-creates
"The face of earth; some to the thriving mart,
"Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
"To the sweet nuses some, who raise the heart;
"All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

"There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
"Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair:
"All may be don', (methinks I hear them say.)
"E'en death despis'd by generous actions fair

OF INDOLENCE.

"All but for those who to these bowers repair,
"Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
"To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
"And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
"Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—it cannot be!

LX.

"Would you then learn to dissipate the band
"Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
"That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
"His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
"Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
"Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
"Here to mankind indulg'd: control desire;
"Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
"Speak the commanding word—*I will!* and it is done.

LXI.

"Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
"Your few important days of trial here?
"Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
"Through endless states of being, still more near
"To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
"Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
"Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
"And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
"No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the
sordid crime!

LXII.

"Enough! enough!" they cried—straight, from the
The better sort on wings of transport fly: [crowd,
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of *Alpine* cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal *Phæbus* play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being gay

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
That lighted up these new created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clear,
When, just deliver'd from this fleshy den,
It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
How light its essence! how unlogg'd its powers
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
E'en so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
E'en such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove
 "Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 "What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
 "While with kind nature here, amid the grove,
 "We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 "What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
 "Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in you heaven sublime."

LXV.

"Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then straight a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden the landskip sinks on every hand;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
 And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground, [around.
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
 These by distemper'd blood to madness stung, [troll'd
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night con-
 The world, returning higher their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazarus-house, I whilom in my lay
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick unweild their heads, and dropp'd their weas
 while.

LXVIII.

"O heaven! (they cried) and do we once more see
 "You blessed sun and this green earth so fair?
 "Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free?"
 "And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?"

"O thou! or knight, or god! who holdest there
 "That fiend, O keep him in eternal chains!
 "But what for us, the children of despair,
 "Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
 "Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

"The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 "Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in grace,
 "T' undo the past, and eke your broken years;
 "Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
 "With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 "A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 "She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven,
 "She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

"Then patien' bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 "And by these sufferings purify the mind:
 "Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
 "Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 "And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 "Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 "Till then, you may expect in me to find
 "One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
 "One who will sooth your pangs, and wing you to the
 skies."

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears;
 "For you (resuin'd the Knight with sterner tone)
 "Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,
 "That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
 "In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 "His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
 "Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 "You feel a perfect change: then, who can say, [day?"]
 "What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lend
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends
 At once delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When lo! a goodly hospital ascends:
 In which they bade each leuient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smooth of that sad compar

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;
 Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to chase
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreads

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight ; and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell :
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;
 Amaz'd their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands, they meek repentance
 feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah ! their scorn'd day of grace was past ;
 For (horrible to tell) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
 With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd ;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd, [care,
 Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
 Whilst *Phæbus* smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

LXXVI.

Then varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a gray waste appear'd ;
 Where naught but putrid streams and noisome fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly *Auster's* beard ;
 Or else the ground by piercing *Caurus* sear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow ;
 Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
 Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad ;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light

And o'er his lank jaw bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile,
Dreadful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despicable fiend:
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show
As if he smelt some nauseous scent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.

Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

E'en so through *Brentford* town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious monn;
He ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

THE END.

EXPLANATION
OF
THE OBSOLETE WORDS
USED IN THIS POEM.

Archmage—*The chief, or
greatest of magicians or
enchanters.*

Apaid—*paid.*

Appal—*affright.*

Atween—*between.*

Äy—*always.*

B

Bale—*sorrow, trouble, mis-
fortune.*

Benempt—*named.*

Blazon—*painting, display-
ing.*

Breme—*cold, raw.*

C

Carol—*to sing songs of joy.*

Caucus—*the northeast wind.*

Ceries—*certainly.*

D

Dan—*a word prefixed to
names.*

Defily—*skilfully*

Depainted—*painted*

Drowsy-head—*drowsiness.*

E

Eath—*esp.*

Easum—*immediat-ly, of-
ten, afterward.*

Eke—*also.*

F

Fays—*fairies.*

G

Gear or Geer—*furniture,
equipage, dress.*

Glaive—*sword. (Fr.)*

Glee—*joy, pleasure.*

H

Han—*have.*

Hight—*named, called; and
sometimes it is used for is
called. See Stanza vii.*

I

Idless—*idleness.*

Imp—*child, or offspring;
from the Saxon impan, to
graft or plant.*

K

Kest—*for cast.*

L

Lad—*for led.*

Lea—*a piece of land or
meadow.*

! jhhard—*leopard.*

Lig—*to lie.*

Lusel—*a loose tile of floor.*

Louing—*loving, coveting*

Liche—*louse, laz*

M
 Mell—*mingle*.
 Moe—*more*.
 Moil—to labour
 Mote—*might*.
 Muchel or Mochel—*much*,
great.

N
 Nathless—*nevertheless*.
 Ne—*nor*.
 Needments—*necessaries*.
 Noursing—a child that is
nursed.
 Noyance—*harm*.

P
 Prankt—*coloured, adorned*
gayly.
 Peidie (Fr. *par Dieu*) an old
oath.
 Prick'd thro' the forest—
rode thro' the forest.

S
 Sear—*dry, burnt up*.
 Sheen, bright, *shining*.
 Sicke—*sure, surely*.
 Shot—*sweet, or sweetly*.
 Sooth—*true, or truth*.
 Stound—*misfortune, pang*.
 Sweltry—*sultry, consuming*
with heat.
 Swink—to labour.

Smackt—*savoured*.

T
 Thrall—*slave*.
 Transmew'd—*transform'a*.
 V

Vild—*vile*.

U
 Unkempt—(Lat. *incomptus*)
unadorned.

W
 Ween—to think, be of opi
nion.

Weet—to know; to weat, to
wait.

Whilom—*crechile, former*
ly.

Wight—*man*.

Wis, for Wist—to know,
think, understand.

Wonne—(a Noun) *dwelling*.
 Wroke—*wreakt*

Y
 Yborn—*born*.

Yblent, or blent—*blended*,
mingled

Yclad—*clad*.

Ycleped—*called, named*.

Yfere—together.

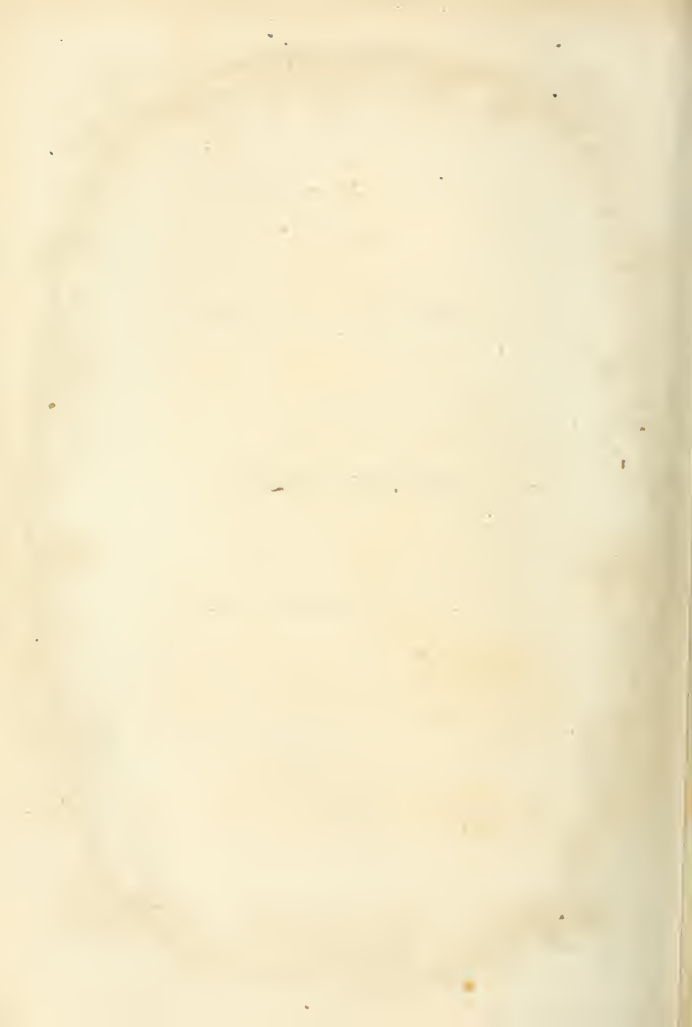
Ymolten—*melted*.

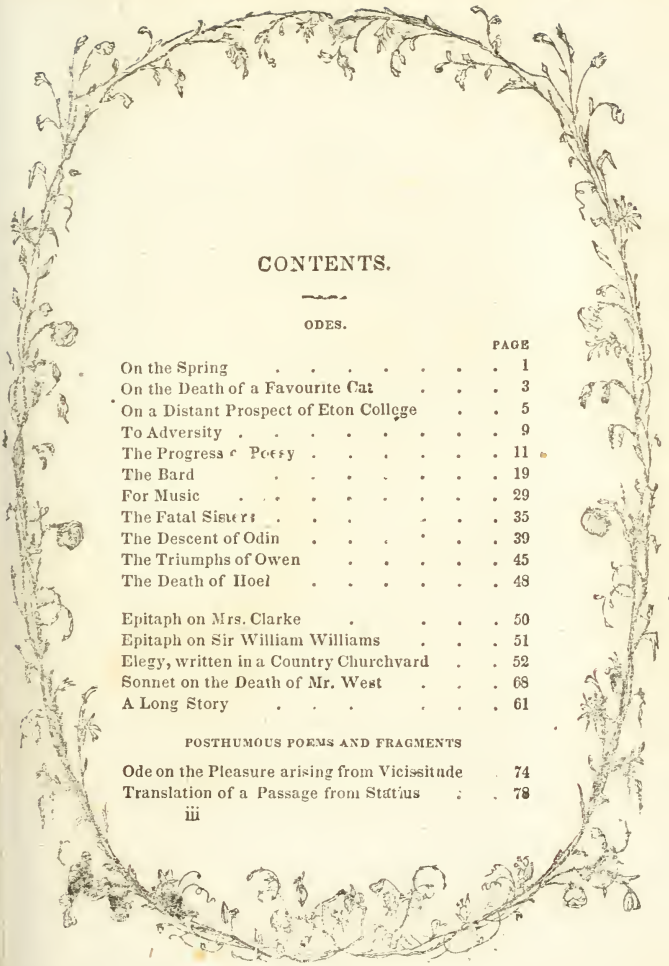
Yode—(preter tense of yede)
went.

* The letter Y is frequently placed in the beginning of a word, by *Spenser*, to lengthen it a syllable, and *en al* the end of a word, for the same reason, as *withouten*, *casten*, &c

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN.
379 BROADWAY.
1856.





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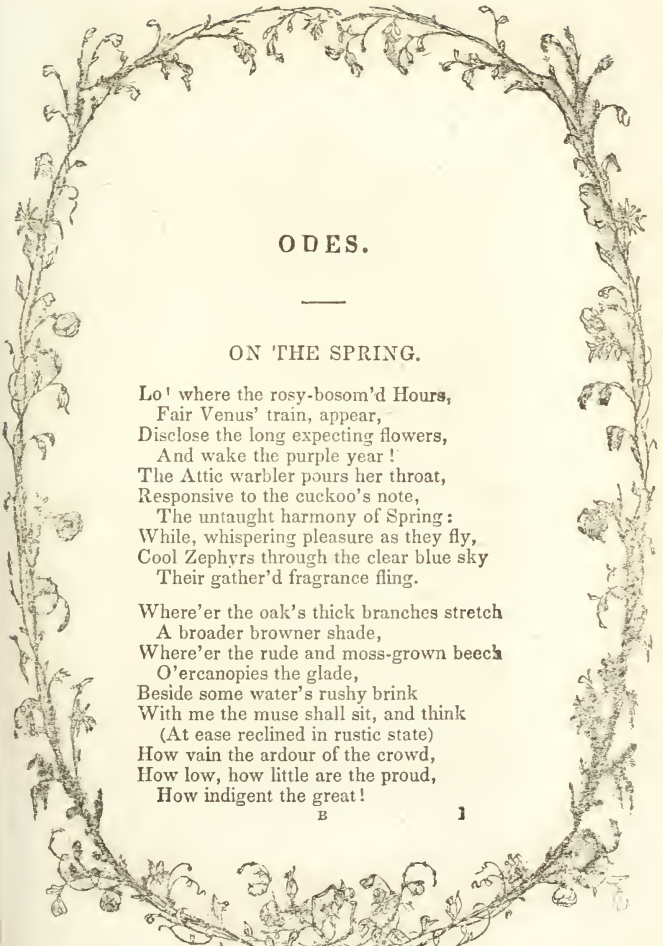
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ODES.

ON 'THE SPRING.

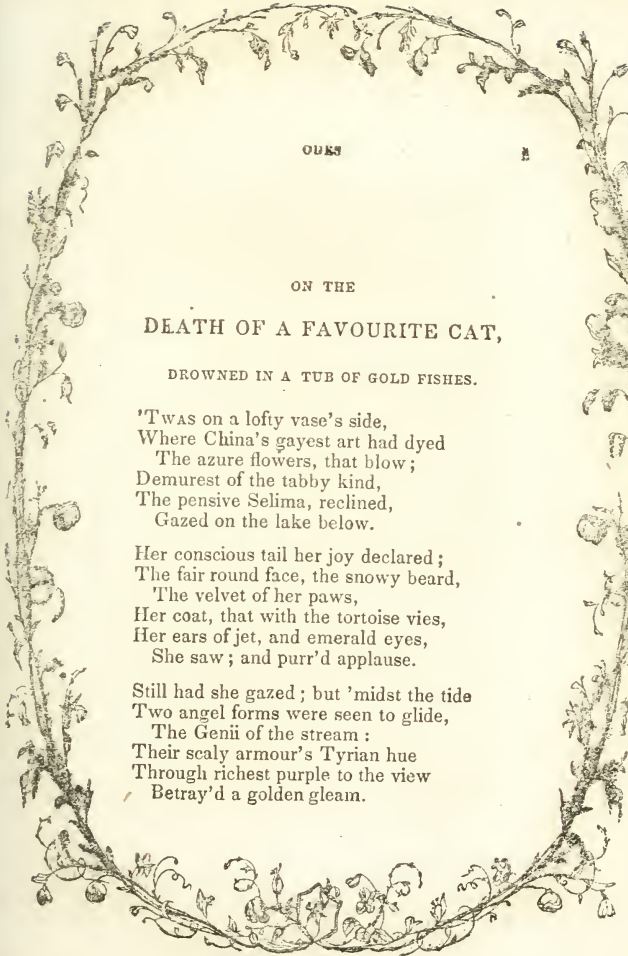
Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling nand of Care ;
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect-youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours dress'd :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.



BOOKS

ON THE
DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw ;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mew'd to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan*, heard.
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all, that glisters, gold.

ON A DISTANT
PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος, ἰκανὴ πρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

MENANDER.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's* holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,

* King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second Spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constrai'n'
To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry .
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ,
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.

Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born,
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These snare the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

TO ADVERSITY.

—Ζῆνα—

.....
 Τὸν φροεῖν Βροτοὺς ὁδῶ-
 σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθ' ἄν
 Θέντα κρείσς ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS.

DAUGHTER of JOVE, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad afflict, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others'
 woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific fly,
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
lieved.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe.
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head.
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen) ;
With thundering voice, and threatening mien
With screaming Horror's funeral cry.
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.

The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a
 Man.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν' ἐς
 Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐξημέρων
 Χατίζει.

PINDAR.

I. 1

AWAKE, Æolian Lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
 The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Ver. 1. *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake*] "Awake, my
 glory: awake, lute and harp." DAVID'S PSALMS.

VARIATION.—"Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake."

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, *Αἰολῆς μολπή, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ*

Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
 Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign.
 Now rolling down the steep amain,
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the
 roar.

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.

Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αἰλῶν, 'Æolian song, Æolian
 strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.'

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

Ver. 13. *Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul]*
 Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of
 the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first
 Pythian of Pindar.

Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
declare :

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of
Love.

Ver. 20. *Perching on the sceptred hand*] This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode.

Ver. 25. *Thee the voice, the dance, obey*] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await .
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate.
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly muse ?
 Night and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts
 of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
 roam,
 The muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,

Ver. 42. *Man's feeble race what ills await*] To
 compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the
 muse was given to mankind by the same Providence
 that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispe
 the gloom and terrors of the night.

Ver. 51. *In climes beyond the solar road*] Exten-

Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous shame,
 The' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy
 flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown, the Ægean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinth creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :

sive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations : its connexion with Liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs, &c.]

“Extra anni solisque vias”—VIRGIL.

“Tutta lontana dal camin del sole. PETRARCH.

Ver. 66. *Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep*] Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled
 coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avox stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
 "This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine be these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers ; Milton improved on them ; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Gray has been long dead ; the Poets of the present day rather imitate the Italian and early English Poets than the French.

Ver. 84. *In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid*] "Nature's darling" SHAKSPEARE.

III. 2.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,
 The secrets of the abyss to spy,
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and
 time :
 The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-re-
 sounding pace.

Ver. 95. *Nor second He, that rode sublime*] MILTON.

Ver. 99. *The living throne, the sapphire blaze*
 "For the spirit of the living creature was in the
 wheels. And above the firmament, that was over
 their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the
 appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appear-
 ance of the glory of the Lord." EZEK. I. 20, 26, 28."

Ver. 106. *With necks in thunder clothed*] "Hast
 thou clothed his neck with thunder?" JOB.--This
 verse and the foregoing are meant to express the
 stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's
 rhymes.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more——

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Through the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,

Ver. III. *But ah ! 'tis heard no more*] We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day ; for Cowley, who had merit, yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses ; above all in the last of Caractacus :

“Hark! heard ye not von footstep dread?” &c.

Ver. 115. *That the Theban eagle bear*] Διὸς πρὸς ὀρνίθα θεῖον OLYMP. III. 50. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the
Great.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

" Ruin seize thee, ruthless king !
Confusion on thy banners wait ;
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"

Ver. 5. *Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail*] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long
array.

Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd
his quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air)

Ver. 11. —*of Snowdon's shaggy side*] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract : it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

Ver. 13. *Stout Glo'ster*] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford ; married at Westminster, May 2, 1290, to Joan de Acres or Acon (so called from having been born at Acon in the Holy Land), second daughter of King Edward.—He died 1295.

Ver. 14. "*To arms!*" *cried Mortimer*] Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

Ver. 19. *Loose his beard and hoary hair*] The

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they
wave,

Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's
lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modrid, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

image was taken from a well-known picture by Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel.

Ver. 35. *On dreary Arvon's shore they lie*] The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey

Ver. 38. *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by*] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annu-

Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy
 line.

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright

ally to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh Craiganeryri, or the crags of the eagles. At this day the highest point of Snowdon is called the Eagle's Nest. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's Ornithology, published by Ray.)

Ver. 48. *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line*] See the Norwegian Ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows:

The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof
that ring,

Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country
hangs

The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
him wait!

Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
Low on his funeral couch he lies!

No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

Ver. 55. *The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring*] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

Ver. 57. *She-wolf of France*] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

Ver. 60. *The scourge of Heaven*—Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

Ver. 61. *Low on his funeral couch he lies*—Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were
born?

Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

Ver. 67. *Is the sable warrior fled*—Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

Ver. 71. *Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows*—Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign See Froissart, and other contemporary writers.

Ver. 77.—*Fill high the sparkling bowl*—Richard the Second, as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers, was starved to death. The story of his assassination, by Sir Piers of Exton, is of much later date.

Heard ye the din of battle bray
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined
 course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their
 way.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :

Ver. 83. *Heard ye the din of battle bray*—Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

Ver. 87. *Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,*
—With many a foul and midnight murder fed]
 Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

Ver. 89. *Revere his consort's faith*—Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and crown.

Ibid.—*his father's fame*—Henry the Fifth.

Ver. 90. *And spare the meek usurper's holy head*—Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

Ver. 91. *Above, below, the rose of snow*—The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
 doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

Ver. 93. *The bristled boar in infant-gore*—The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

Ver. 99. *Half of thy heart we consecrate*—Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue
hail!

III. 2.

“Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

Ver. 109. *No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail*—It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would, return again to reign over Britain.

Ver. 110. *All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail*—Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

Ver. 117. *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face*—Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, “And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checks.”

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her
 play !

Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd
 wings.

III. 3.

“ The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.

Ver. 121. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin,*
hear—Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the
 sixth century. His works are still preserved, and
 his memory held in high veneration among his coun-
 trymen.

Ver. 128. *In buskin'd measures move.*—SHAKS-
 PEARE.

Ver. 131. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir*—MILTON.

Ver. 133. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear*—
 The succession of poets after Milton's time.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb
of day?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me : with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.

Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's
height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless
night.

FOR MUSIC.

(IRREGULAR.)

Performed in the Senate-house at Cambridge, July
1, 1769, at the Installation of the Duke of Grafton,
as Chancellor of the University.

I.

"HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,

Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent train in
flowers.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round :
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground !"

II.

From yonder realms of Empyrean day
Bursts on my ear the' indignant lay :
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age, and undiscover'd
clime.

Rapt in celestial transport they ;
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-toned shell,
And as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state
sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
rhyme.

III.

"Ye brown o'erarching groves,
That Contemplation loves,

Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed
Melancholy."

IV.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long orders go :
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

Ver. 39. *Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow*] Edward the Third, who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

Ver. 41. *And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn*] Mary de Valentia, Countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France ; of whom tradition says, that her husband Audemar de Valentia, Earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

That wept her bleeding Love, and princely
Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

Ver. 42. *That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare*] Elizabeth de Burg, Countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the Earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of *princely*. She founded Clare Hall.

Ver. 43. *And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose*] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in '*The Bard*,' epode 2d, line 13th.

Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth, hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York. She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

Ver. 45. *And either Henry there*] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies:

V.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?
 The grateful memory of the good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
 The venerable Margaret see!
 "Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
 To this, thy kindred train, and me:
 Pleased in thy lineaments we trace
 A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

Ver. 66. *The venerable Margaret see*] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

Ver. 70. *A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace*] The Countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor: hence the application of this line to the Duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 The flower unheeded shall descry,
 And bid it round heaven's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head :
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem
 To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

"Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;
 Nor dares with courtly tongue refined
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 She reveres herself and thee.
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she
 brings,
 And to thy just, thy gentle hand,
 Submits the fasces of her sway,
 While spirits bless'd above and men below
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

"Through the wild waves as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks nor seek the shore :
 The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
 And gilds the horrors of the deep."

Ver. 84. *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings*] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the *Orcades* of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio: and also in Bartholinus, p. 617. lib. 3. c. 1. 4to.

Vit er orpit fyrir valfalli, &c.

In the eleventh century *Sigurd*, earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sictryg* with the silken beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin: the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sictryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day (the day of the battle), a native of Caithness in Scotland, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the

web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servant of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Choosers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands: and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the brave: where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipp'd in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through the ensanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound;
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep:
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease; the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hearest the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield,
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field!

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

FROM THE NOURSE TONGUE.

The original is to be found in Bartholinus, de Causis
contemnendæ Mortis ; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto, p. 632.

Upreis Odinn allða gautr, &c.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal black steed :
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :

Ver. 4. *That leads to Hela's drear abode*] Nifheliar, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the goddess of death. MASON.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour, and half blue. GRAY.

Ver. 5. *Him the dog of darkness spied*] The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. He fed upon the lives of those that were to die. MASON.

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow: and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breathed a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know:
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure beverage of the bee:
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold;
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the sons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,

Ver. 40. *Tell me what is done below*] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder, who was himself slain by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. See the *Edda*.

Ver. 51. *Once again my call obey*] Women were looked upon by the Gothic nations as having a pecu-

What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who the' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,

liar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magic arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona. The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eirik's Rauda Sogu, (Apud Bartholin. lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688). "She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with stones; and was girt with an Hunlandish belt at which hung

A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
 Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
 Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam,
 Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
 Flaming on the funeral pile.
 Now my weary lips I close:
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
 Prophetess, awake, and say,
 What virgins these, in speechless woe
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,

her pouch full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound on with thongs studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin, the fur turned inwards," &c. They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*, i. e. Multiscia; and *Visindakona*, i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ. GRAY.

Ver. 66. *Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair*] King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn vow never to clip or comb his hair, till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. *Herbert's Iceland. Translat. p. 39.*

Ver. 75. *What virgins these, in speechless woe*] "It is not certain," says Mr. Herbert, "what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed that it alludes to the embassy

That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now;
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come

afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened." *Iceland. Translat.* p. 48.

Ver. 86. *But mother of the giant brood*] In the Latin "*mater trium gigantum*:" probably Angerbode, who from her name seems to be "no prophetess of good;" and who bore to Lok, as the Edda says, three children, the wolf Fenris, the great serpent of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants in that system of mythology. MASON.

To break my iron sleep again,
 Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;
 Never, till substantial night
 Has reassumed her ancient right;
 Till wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry;
 London, 1764, quarto, p. 25, and page 127. Owen
 succeeded his father, Griffith app Cynan, in the
 principality of North Wales, A. D. 1137. This bat-
 tle was fought in the year 1157.

Jones's Relics, vol. ii. p. 36

OWEN's praise demands my song
 Owen swift, and Owen strong;

Ver. 90. *Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain*] Lok
 is the evil being, who continues in chains till the *twi-
 light of the gods* approaches: when he shall break
 his bonds, the human race, the stars, and sun, shall
 disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire con-
 sume the skies: even Odin himself and his kindred
 deities shall perish. MASON

* The original Welsh of the above poem was the
 composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, imme-
 diately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
 Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons then against him came;
 This the force of Eirin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow long and gay
 Lochlin ploughs the watery way;
 There the Norman sails afar
 Catch the winds and join the war:
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 The dragon son of Mona stands;
 In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
 High he rears his ruby crest.

the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea.

Ver. 4. *Gwyneth*] North Wales.

Ver. 14. *Lochlin*] Denmark.

Ver. 20. *The dragon son of Mona stands*] The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners. MASON

Here the thundering strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talmalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent tide of blood,
Backward Meinai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.

Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn,
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * *

Ver. 23. *There the thundering strokes begin*] "It seems (says Dr. Evans, p. 26,) that the fleet landed in some part of the Firth of Menai, and that it was a kind of mixed engagement, some fighting from the shore, others from the ships: and probably the great slaughter was owing to its being low water, and that they could not sail.

ODES.

THE DEATH OF HOEL

Selected from the *Gododin of Aneurin*,* styled the monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. See Mr. Evans's *Specimens*, pp. 71 and 73.

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deira's squadron hurl'd
To rush, and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel died,

* "Aneurin with the flowing Muse, King of Bards, brother to Gildas Albanus the historian, lived under Mynyddawg of Edinburgh, a prince of the North, whose Eurdorchogion, or warriors wearing the golden torques, three hundred and sixty-three in number, were all slain, except Aneurin and two others, in a battle with the Saxons at Cattraeth, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire. His *Gododin*, an heroic poem written on that event, is perhaps the oldest and noblest production of that age." Jones's *Relics*, vol. i. p. 17.

Ver. 3. *Upon Deira's squadron hurl'd*] The kingdom of Deira included the counties of Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland.

Great Cian's son: of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattræth's vale in glittering row,
Thrice two hundred warriors go:
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstatic juice.
Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn:
But none from Cattræth's vale return,
Save Aeron brave, and Conan strong,
(Bursting through the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar*,
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caradoc bore his lance.

CONAN's name, my lay rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,

Have ye seen, &c.] This and the following short fragment ought to have appeared among the Posthumous Pieces of Gray; but it was thought preferable

Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force;
As the whirlwind in its course;
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shiver'd oak;
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

EPITAPH

ON MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps:
A heart within whose sacred cell
The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.
Affection warm, and faith sincere,
And soft humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image nere below,
Sits sniling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?

to insert them in this place with the preceding fragment from the Gododin.

A pang, to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall every grief remove,
With life, with memory, and with love.

EPITAPH

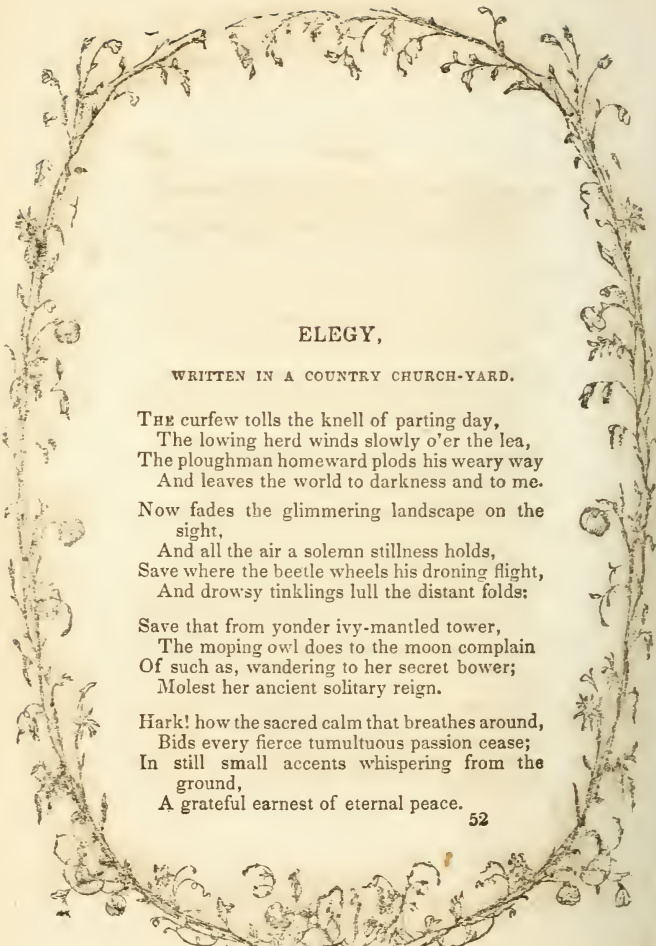
ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu,
who intended to have inscribed it on a monument
at Belleisle, at the siege of which Sir W. Williams
was killed, 1761.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair
renown;
His Mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his
frame,
Nor envy dared to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the
field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps—
Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends, and
weeps.



ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the
sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering to her secret bower;
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the
ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's
shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering
heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built
shed,

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly
bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield.
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave.
Await alike the' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless
breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's
blood.

The' applause of listening senates to command
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind!

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines the artless tale relate;
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour
done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun*.

* This stanza, which completes the account of the
Poet's day, although in the author's MS., has hitherto

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless
love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw
him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.*

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth; to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

appeared but in the form of a note; but, as Mr. Mason observes, "without it we have only his morning walk and his noontide repose."

* "Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd)
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation :

“There scatter'd oñ, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.”

The Editor of the present edition of the Poet, has ventured to recall into *the Elegy*, one stanza (*the fourth*) which appears only in the margin of former editions ; upon a hint received from a gentleman resident at Stoke Park, in the following letter: “I do not see how the edition could suffer in a critical point of view, by the restoration of that fine stanza of Gray's into the body of the Elegy. It is acknowledged by Mason and others, to be equal to any in the poem ; and certainly it contains more to characterise it than any other. The cause of its unfortunate rejection by the author is manifest, and shows that it was not from his having disapproved it. From two

preceding and a following stanza, *which were rejected* with it he withdrew two ideas, and some lines, which he transferred and worked up in other parts of the Elegy, thus leaving this fine stanza insulated; and because it so became unfitted for the particular place for which he had first designed it, he dropped it altogether. But yet it contained only an abrupt and sudden reflection; which was suitable equally to other passages or places, though not employed there. This he appears not to have considered; and he thereby incautiously despoiled his poem of a sentiment, not only fitting, but moreover eminently requisite. Now this sentiment finds a natural place immediately *after the third stanza*;—after the description of darkness and silence, and before the minuter particulars of the church-yard are entered upon. It would, therefore, I think, most sublimely constitute the *fourth stanza* of the Elegy. In that place, it would prepare the mind for the solemn sequel, and throw a religious sanctity over it; at the same time correcting and explaining, what has always given me and others, offence and pain,—the equivocal expression, ‘each in his narrow cell, *for ever laid,*’ showing, that the Poet only meant ‘*for ever,*’ with reference to the scenes of *this present life.*”

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF MR. WEST.

IN vain to me the smiling mornings shine
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire
The birds in vain their amorous descant join.
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require :
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
To warm their little loves the birds complain :
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

A LONG STORY.

IN the year 1750 Mr. Gray finished his celebrated Elegy, and communicated it to his friend Mr. Walpole, whose good taste was too much charmed to suffer him to withhold the sight of it from his acquaintance ; accordingly it was shown about for some time in manuscript, and received with all the applause it so justly merited. Amongst the rest of the fashionable world, Lady Cobham, who resided at Stoke-Pogis, and to whom the mansion house and park belonged, had read and admired it. Wishing to be acquainted with the author, her relation Miss Speed, and lady Schaub then at her house, undertook to bring this about, by making him the first visit. He had been accustomed to spend his summer vacations from Cambridge, at the house occupied by Mrs. Rogers his aunt, whither his mother and her sister, Miss Antrobus, had also retired, situated at the entrance upon Stoke Common, called West End, and about a mile from the manor house. He happened to be from home when the ladies arrived at the sequester'd habitation, and when he returned, was not a little surprised to find, written on one of his papers in the parlour, the following note : " Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray ; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well." Such a compliment necessitated him to return the visit ; and as the beginning of the acquaintance

seemed to have a romantic character, he very soon composed the following ludicrous account of the adventure, for the amusement of the ladies in question, which he entitled, "A LONG STORY."

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands* :
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height †,
Each pannel in achieven mts clo'ing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages, that lead to nothing.

* In the 16th century, the house belonged to the Earls of Huntingdon, and to the family of Hatton. On the death of Lady Cobham, 1760, the estate was purchased from her executors by the late Hon. Thomas Penn, Lord proprietary of Pennsylvania: his son, the present John Penn, Esq., finding the interior of the ancient mansion in a state of considerable decay, it was taken down in the year 1789, with the exception of a wing, which was preserved, partly for the sake of its effect as a ruin, harmonising with the church-yard, the poet's house, and the surrounding scenery.

† The style of building called Queen Elizabeth's is here admirably described, both with regard to its beauties and defects, the third and fourth stanzas delineate the fantastic manners of the time with equal truth and humour.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters a'er him,
My grave Lord-Keeper* led the brawls†.
The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard and shoestrings green,
His high crown'd hat, and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Tho' Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning!
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning!
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came cap-a-pee from France‡;
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

* Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.

† Brawls were figure-dances then in fashion.

‡ The lady's husband, Sir Luke Schaub, had been ambassador at Paris some years before.

The other amazon* kind heaven
Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipp'd her arrows with good nature,

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her,
Melissa is her "nom de guerre."
Alas, who would not wish to please her!

With bonnet blue and capuchine,
And aprons long, they hid their armour;
And veil'd their weapons bright and keen.
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Purtt,
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
A wicked imp they call a poet:

Who prowld the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lamed the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

* Miss Harriet Speed, Lady C.'s relation, afterwards married to the Count de Viry, Sardinian Envoy at the Court of London.

† The Rev. Mr. Purtt, tutor to the Duke of Bridgewater, then at Eton school.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin*

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they
ventur'd†;
Rapp'd at the door, nor stayed to ask.
But bounce into the parlour entered.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle:

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

* Henry the Fourth, in the fourth year of his reign, issued out the following *commission* against this species of *vermin*:—"And it is enacted, that no master-rimer, minstrel, or other vagabond, be in anywise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths, or gatherings upon the people there."

† The walk from Stoke old mansion, to the house occupied by the poet's family, is peculiarly retired. The house is the property of Captain Salter, and it has belonged to his family for many generations. It is a charming spot for a summer residence, but has undergone great alterations and improvements since Gray gave it up in 1758.

Into the drawers and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbr:gho!
 Under a tea-cup he might lie*,
 Or, creased, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
 The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says: (who will believe?)
 But that they left the door ajar,
 Where safe and laughing in his sleeve,
 He heard the distant din of war.

* There is a very great similarity between the style of part of this poem, and Prior's Tale of the 'Dove:' as for instance in the following stanzas, which Gray must have had in his mind at the time.

"With one great peal they rap the door,
 Like footmen on a visiting day;
 Folks at her house at such an hour,
 Lord! what will all the neighbours say?"

* * * * *

"Her keys he takes, her door unlocks,
 Through wardrobe and through closet bounces,
 Peeps into every chest and box,
 Turns all her furbelows and flounces.

* * * * *

"I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your poultry cannot yet be found:
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
 Or may be in the teapot drown'd."

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of magic was no fable;
Out of the window, whisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table*.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him
That will he, nill he, to the great house,
He went, as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace.
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case.
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there,
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping.
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery† stand peeping:

* The *note* which the ladies left upon the table.

† The music-gallery which overlooked the hall.

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Tyacke* has often seen the sight)
Or at the chapel door stood sentry†:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
Had in imagination fenced him,
Disproved the arguments of Squib‡
And all that Groom† could urge against him.

* The housekeeper. Her name, which has hitherto, in ALL editions of Gray's Poems, been written *Styack*, is corrected from her grave-stone in the church-yard, and the accounts of contemporary persons in the parish. *Housekeepers* are usually styled *Mrs.*; the final *s*, doubtless, caused the name to be misapprehended and misspelt.

† The old chapel, the door of which was at the opposite extremity of the hall.

‡ The former has hitherto been styled *groom* of the chamber, and the latter *steward*, but the legend on a grave-stone, close to *Tyacke's*, is to the memory of *William Groom*, and appears to offer evidence that

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him,
He stood as mute as poor Maclean*.

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
"How in the park beneath an old tree
(Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry),

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet;
Yet hoped, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
He ne'er was for a conjuror taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd face
Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the viscountess mean?
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum's turn'd to mere civility;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

Gray mistook the *name* of the one for the *office* of the other.

* A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers*.

* See a Sequel to the Long Story, in Hakewill's History of Windsor, by John Penn, Esq., and a further sequel to that, by the late laureate, H. J. Pye, Esq.

Anecdotes of the personages commemorated in the Long Story, while they continued to live in the same society, furnish a natural appendix to that lively narrative. Of these, it would have appeared preferable to select such as related to the short period which immediately succeeded it; and which preceded the death of the Poet's mother in 1753, so much deplored by him. None, however, can be at present known. We have indeed some account of one of the principal personages in the year 1752, in another society; and it appears from the following passage, in a letter of Mrs. Montagu, of that date, that the lady had then admitted the attention and homage of her future husband. "I wish the fair shepherdess (Miss Speed) a happy meeting with her Pastor Fido, at the next masquerade, for I think it more probable she will meet him there than under the shady 'oak or spreading beech.' " But, whether it be owing to the charms of this new and favoured lover on her leisure hours, or to any disposition of reserve, of which the letter of Gray in answer to Mr. Walpole (vide Orford's Works, vol. v. p. 392.) seems to convey a proof, or to other causes, the little information that can now be gleaned relative to the society of Stoke in those times, is due to the recollec-

tions and friendly communication of Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth, K. B.; whose respected father became vicar of this place in the year 1756. This distinguished officer says, that he and his elder brother at that time, when they were about eight or ten years of age, were regularly and frequently invited, with their father and mother, to dine at "the Great House," the presence of youthful company being nowise unwelcome in the cheerful circle. He likewise remembers, that he was then used to accompany his father in his visits to Mr. Gray and his aunt Mrs. Rogers, at West End: that he has often been at home when those visits were returned; and that on these occasions, the author of the Ode to Eton College would frequently take pleasure in gratifying the young Etonian by the gift of a shilling, or half a crown; "which (adds the gallant admiral) was at that time no inconsiderable present." But a circumstance, which, from its singularity, made a stronger impression upon his mind than even this claim upon his gratitude, affords a substantial proof that the social ease, from which the ghostly female champions of false decorum, a few years before, had inferred a lamentable decay of manners, had undergone no change that could give them cause for triumph. He relates that he has "*more than once*" been an eye-witness of the potent effect wrought by the exuberant spirits of the "*witty amazon*" in prevailing upon the poet, instead of being conducted by a muse, or mounted on his Pegasus, to trust himself to her guidance, along the parish lanes in a butcher's cart; which unusual spectacle could hardly have failed to stir the surprise and surmises of "*the ploughman*," yet delaying "homeward to plod his weary way." We may

conclude from this frolic, that the policy which determined "the first marching of the troops," proceeded from no cause more probable than from her hostility to the stern character of "the drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary." On the other hand, it must be confessed that the poet thus gave ample proof of the sincerity of his ejaculation, "Alas! who would not wish to please her!" But that his gallantry had no deeper root than the complaisance of friendship he seems to proclaim, not only in his letter to Mr. Walpole, but in another to Dr. Wharton, written shortly after the incident of the Long Story. "My heart," says he, "is no less yours than it has long been; and the last thing in the world that will throw it into tumult is a *fine lady*." Another erroneous surmise of the same nature might be formed on hearing (what nevertheless is true) that the beautiful *rondeau*, which appears in the latter editions of his works, was inspired by "the wish to please" this lady. The fact is, however, that it was produced (and probably about this time) on a request she made to the poet one day, when he was in company with Mr. Walpole, that she might possess something from his pen written on the subject of *love*. We collect from the Memoirs by Mason, that the society of neighborhood between the lady and the poet must have closed about the year 1758, at which time the death of his aunt, Mrs. Rogers, determined the final departure of the latter from Stoke. A circumstance connected with that occasion contributes some evidence of the general activity of his mind. The Rev. Mr. Duckworth, who held the living of Stoke until his death in the year 1794, remarked that the difficulty experienced by Gray in relinquishing the tenure of the premises to

which he had succeeded, and from the concern of which he was anxious to relieve himself, was finally surmounted by means of his own knowledge of law.

The local poem by which Gray has impressed a classical stamp upon Stoke are, *The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard*, *The Long Story*, both written in 1750, and his *Ode to Eton College*, written before, in the year 1742; in which year were also written the *Ode to Spring*, the *Hymn to Adversity*, and the *Sonnet on the death of Mr. West*, (the first certainly, and the two last probably,) at Stoke.

It was in the year 1780 that (Miss Speed, now) Countess de Viry enabled the lover of poetry to see in print the *Rondeau*, and another small amatory poem of Gray, called *Thyrsis*, by presenting them to the Rev. Mr. Leman, of Suffolk, while on a visit at her castle in Savoy. She died there in 1783.

POSTHUMOUS
POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

ODE

ON THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With additions by
Mr. Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance.
The birds his presence greet;

ODE ON VICISSITUDE.

7

But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapturous choir among;
Hark! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song:
" Warm let the lyric transport flow,
" Warm as the ray that bids it glow;
" And animates the vernal grove
" With health, with harmony, and love."

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now, that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While hope prolongs our happier hour
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour,
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.

Humble quiet builds her cell,
Near the source whence pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
'While' far below the 'madding' crowd
'Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,'
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
'And' perish' in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence and pride,
'Sooth'd by flattery's tinkling sound,'
Go, softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull but daily round:

' To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from pleasure's spring,
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

' Mark ambition's march sublime
Up to power's meridian height;
While pale-eyed envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,
Float hourly round ambition's head;
While spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

' Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

' He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth.
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE
FROM STATIUS.

THEB. LIB. VI., VER 704—724.

This translation, which Gray sent to West, consisted of about a hundred and ten lines. Mr. Mason selected twenty-seven lines, which he published, as Gray's first attempt in English verse.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon;
Artful and strong he poised the well-known
weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus'
fate,

That to avoid, and this to emulate.
His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
Braced all his nerves, and every sinew strung,
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursued his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high;
The orb on high, tenacious of its course,
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall;

The ponderous mass sinks in the cleaving ground,
While vales, and woods, and echoing hills rebound,—

As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock:
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses 'scaped his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF THE PLAINS WHERE
THE BATTLE OF TREBIA WAS FOUGHT.

QUA Trebie glaucas salices intersecat unda,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mæstus aquas;
Maurorumque ala, et nigra increbescere armæ,
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fuga.

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,

DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY,

ON THE

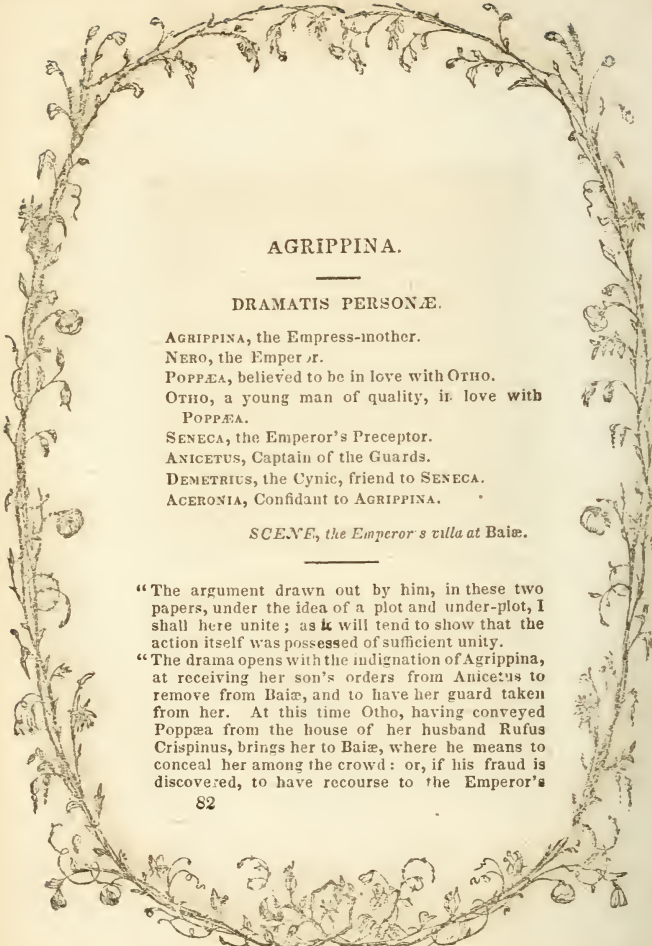
SUBJECT OF THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.

“The Britannicus of Mr. Racine, I know, was one of Mr. Gray’s most favourite plays ; and the admirable manner in which I have heard him say he saw it represented at Paris, seems to have led him to choose the death of Agrippina for his first and only effort in the drama. The execution of it also, as far as it goes, is so very much in Racine’s taste, that I suspect, if that great Poet had been born an Englishman, he would have written precisely in the same style and manner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general prejudice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished by the many ; yet the admirable strokes of nature and character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, prevent me from withholding from the few, who I expect will relish it, so great a curiosity (to call it nothing more) as part of a tragedy written by Mr. Gray. These persons well know, that till style and sentiment be a little more regarded, mere action and passion will never secure reputation to the author, what-

ever they may do to the actor. It is the business of the one, 'to strut and fret his hour upon the stage;' and if he frets and struts enough, he is sure to find his reward in the plaudit of an upper gallery; but the other ought to have some regard to the cooler judgment of the closet; for I will be bold to say, that if Shakspeare himself had not written a multitude of passages which please there as much as they do on the stage, his reputation would not stand so universally high as it does at present. Many of these passages, to the shame of our theatrical taste, are omitted constantly in the representation: but I say not this from conviction that the mode of writing, which Mr. Gray pursued, is the best for dramatic purposes. I think myself, what I have asserted elsewhere, that a medium between the French and English taste would be preferable to either; and yet this medium, if hit with the greatest nicety, would fail of success on our theatre, and that for a very obvious reason. Actors (I speak of the troop collectively) must all learn to speak as well as act, in order to do justice to such a drama.

"But let me hasten to give the reader what little insight I can into Mr. Gray's plan, as I find and select it from two detached papers. The Title and Dramatis Personæ are as follow:—"

MASON



AGRIPPINA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGRIPPINA, the Empress-mother.

NERO, the Emper^r.

POPPÆA, believed to be in love with OTHO.

OTHO, a young man of quality, in love with
POPPÆA.

SENECA, the Emperor's Preceptor.

ANICETUS, Captain of the Guards.

DEMETRIUS, the Cynic, friend to SENECA.

ACERONIA, Confidant to AGRIPPINA.

SCENE, the Emperor's villa at Baiæ.

"The argument drawn out by him, in these two papers, under the idea of a plot and under-plot, I shall here unite; as ~~it~~ will tend to show that the action itself was possessed of sufficient unity.

"The drama opens with the indignation of Agrippina, at receiving her son's orders from Anicetus to remove from Baiæ, and to have her guard taken from her. At this time Otho, having conveyed Poppæa from the house of her husband Rufus Crispinus, brings her to Baiæ, where he means to conceal her among the crowd: or, if his fraud is discovered, to have recourse to the Emperor's

authority; but, knowing the lawless temper of Nero, he determines not to have recourse to that expedient but on the utmost necessity. In the mean time he commits her to the care of Anicetus, whom he takes to be his friend, and in whose age he thinks he may safely confide. Nero is not yet come to Baïæ: but Seneca, whom he sends before him, informs Agrippina of the accusation concerning Rubellius Plancus, and desires her to clear herself, which she does briefly: but demands to see her son, who, on his arrival, acquits her of all suspicion, and restores her to honours. In the meanwhile, Anicetus, to whose care Poppæa had been entrusted by Otho, contrives the following plot to ruin Agrippina: he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion: though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho: she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho, hearing that the Emperor had seen Poppæa, is much enraged; but not knowing that this interview was obtained through the treachery of Anicetus, is readily persuaded by him to see Agrippina in secret, and acquaint her with his fears that her son Nero would marry Poppæa. Agrippina, to support her own power, and to wean the Emperor from the love of Poppæa, gives Otho encouragement, and promises to support him. Anicetus secretly introduces Nero to hear their discourse; who resolves immediately on his mother's death,

and, by Anicetus's means, to destroy her by drowning. A solemn feast, in honour of their reconciliation, is to be made; after which she being to go by sea to Bauli, the ship is so contrived as to sink or crush her; she escapes by accident, and returns to Baïæ. In this interval Otho has an interview with Poppæa: and, being duped a second time by Anicetus and her determines to fly with her into Greece, by means of a vessel which is to be furnished by Anicetus; but he, pretending to remove Poppæa on board in the night, conveys her to Nero's apartment: she then encourages and determines Nero to banish Otho, and finish the horrid deed he had attempted on his mother. Anicetus undertakes to execute his resolves; and, under pretence of a plot upon the Emperor's life, is sent with a guard to murder Agrippina, who is still at Baïæ in imminent fear, and irresolute how to conduct herself. The account of her death, and the Emperor's horror and fruitless remorse, finishes the drama."

MASON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

AGRIPPINA. ACERONIA.

AGRIPPINA.

Tis well, begone! your errand is perform'd.

[*Speaks as to Anicetus entering.*]

The message needs no comment. Tell your master,

His mother shall obey him. Say, you saw her
Yielding due reverence to his high command:

Alone, unguarded, and without a lictor,
As fits the daughter of Germanicus.
Say, she retired to Antium; there to tend
Her household cares, a woman's best employ-
ment.

What if you add, how she turn'd pale and
trembled;

You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye,
And would have dropp'd, but that her pride
restrain'd it?

'Go! you can paint it well) 'twill profit you,
And please the stripling. Yet 'twould dash his joy
To hear the spirit of Britannicus

Yet walks on earth: at least there are who know
Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
A thousand haughty hearts, unused to shake
When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
His hospitable board: they are aware
Of the' unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

He's gone. and much I hope these walls alone
And the mute air are privy to your passion.
Forgive your servant's fears, who sees the danger
Which fierce resentment cannot fail to raise
In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,
Of haughty youth, and irritated power,
To her that gave it being, her that arm'd

This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its bright-
ness?

'Tis like thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
To adoration, to the grateful steam
Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows
From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
Deck'd with no other lustre than the blood
Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
To fame, or fortune; haply eyed at distance
Some edileship, ambitious of the power
To judge of weights and measures; scarcely
dared

On expectation's strongest wing to soar
High as the consulate, that empty shade
Of long-forgotten liberty: when I
Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness;
Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade
him strike

The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
To shrink from danger: fear might then have worn
The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
If bright ambition from her craggy seat
Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous
honour.

ACERONIA.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring:

Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
When in a secret, and dead hour of night,
Due sacrifice perform'd with barbarous rites
Of mutter'd charms and solemn invocation,
You bade the Magi call the dreadful powers,
That read futurity, to know the fate
Impending o'er your son : their answer was,
If the son reign, the mother perishes.
Perish (you cried) the mother ! reign the son !
He reigns, the rest is heaven's ; who oft has bade,
E'en when its will seem'd wrote in lines of blood,
The' untaught even disclose a whiter meaning.
Think too how oft in weak and sickly minds
The sweets of kindness lavishly indulged
Rankle to gall ; and benefits, too great
To be repaid, sit heavy on the soul,
As unrequited wrongs. The willing homage
Of prostrate Rome, the senate's joint applause.
The riches of the earth, the train of pleasures
That wait on youth, and arbitrary sway :
These were your gift, and with them you be-
stow'd
The very power he has to be ungrateful.

AGRIPPINA.

Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear.
Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.

Say'st thou I must be cautious, must be silent
 And tremble at the phantom I have raised ?
 Carry to him thy timid counsels. He
 Perchance may heed them: tell him too, that one
 Who hath such liberal power to give, may still
 With equal power resume that gift, and raise
 A tempest that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me! say,
 'This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
 Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harness? Is he not
 The silken son of dalliance, nursed in ease
 And pleasure's flowery lap?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear
 To bow the supple knee, and court the times
 With shows of fair obeisance; and a call,
 Like mine, might serve belike to wake preten-
 sions
 Drowsier than theirs, who boast the genuine
 blood
 Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
 I might remind my mistress that her nod
 Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
 With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the
 rigour
 Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave
 That in Armenia quell the Parthian force

Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Masians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp, have long revered,
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIFFINA.

Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base
My great revenge shall rise; or say we sound
The trump of Liberty; there will not want,
Even in the servile senate, ears to own
Her spirit-stirring voice; Soranus there,
And Cassius; Vetus too, and Thræsea,
Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
(Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
And shake them at the name of liberty,
Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition.
As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
To arm the hand of childhood, and rebrace
The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may!
 Again the buried genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
 Roused by the shout of millions: there before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear.
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye: around thee call
 The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
 Of thy full favour; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina:
 The world, the prize; and fair befall the victors.

But soft! why do I waste the fruitless hours
 in threats unexecuted? Hastie thee, fly
 These hated walls that seem to mock my shame
 And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

Tis time to go, the sun is high advanced,
 And, ere mid-day, Nero will come to Banæ.

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him: not the basilisk
 More deadly to the sight than is to me
 The cool injurious eye of frozen kindness.
 I will not meet its poison. Let him feel
 Before he sees me.

AGRIFFA.

-2

ACERONIA.

Why then stays my sovereign,
Where he so soon may--

AGRIFFINA.

Yes, I will begone.
But not to Antium—all shall be confess'd,
Whate'er the frivolous tongue of giddy fame
Has spread among the crowd; things, that but
whisper'd,
Have arch'd the hearer's brow, and rivetted
His eyes in fearful ecstasy: no matter
What: so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,
Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
(Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes!)
If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO.

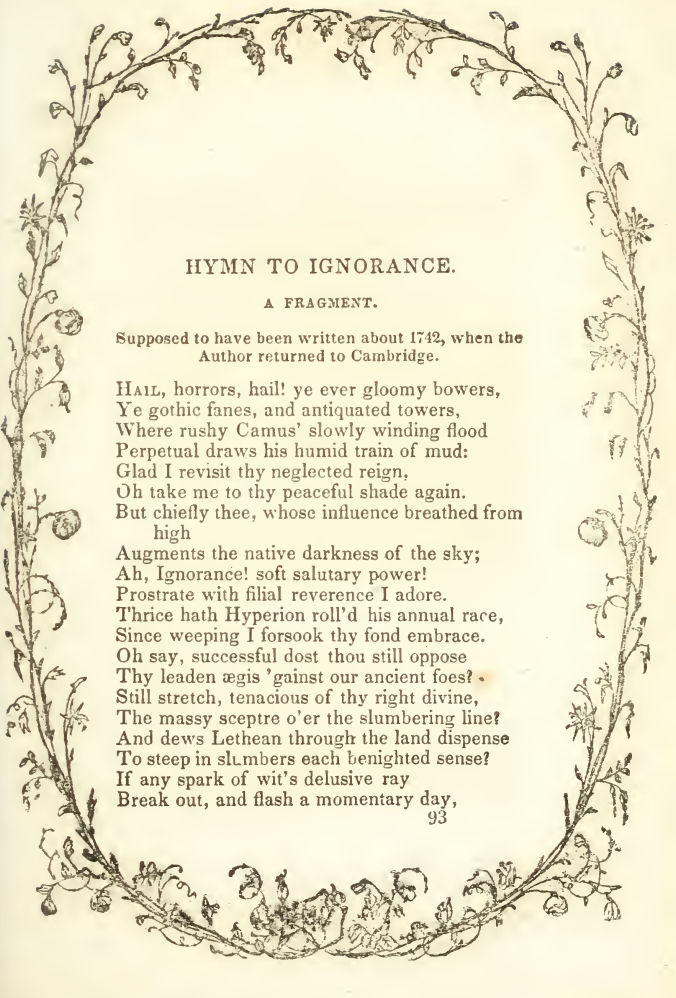
Thus far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
 Of amorous thefts: and had her wanton son
 Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
 With more elusive speed the dazzled sight
 Of wakeful jealousy. Be gay securely:
 Dispel, my fair, with smiles, the timorous cloud
 That hangs on thy clear brow. So Helen look'd,
 So her white neck reclined, so was she borne
 By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
 With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
 And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
 Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

* * * * *

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæque linquens
 Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
 Advehor brumam, Genuæque amantes
 Litora soles.



HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Supposed to have been written about 1742, when the
Author returned to Cambridge.

HAIL, horrors, hail! ye ever gloomy bowers,
Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
Where rushy Camus' slowly winding flood
Perpetual draws his humid train of mud:
Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from
high

Augments the native darkness of the sky;
Ah, Ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
The massy sceptre o'er the slumbering line?
And dews Lethean through the land dispense
To steep in slumbers each benighted sense?
If any spark of wit's delusive ray
Break out, and flash a momentary day,

With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dangerous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.

Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears!

Can powers immortal feel the force of years?

Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,

She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world;

Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,

And all was ignorance, and all was night.

Oh! sacred age! Oh! times for ever lost!

(The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's
boast.)

For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,

Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,

And bring the buried ages back to view,

High on her car, behold the grandam ride

Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride;

* * * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * *

THE ALLIANCE
OF
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT
A FRAGMENT.

"Instead of compiling tables of Chronology and natural history, why did not Mr. Gray apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophic poem of which he has left such an exquisite specimen?"
GIBBON.

ESSAY I.

— Πόταγ' ὦ γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ αἰοιδᾶν
Οὐτι πῶ εἰς Αἶδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυγαῖεις.
THEOCRITUS, ID. I. 63.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where Winter holds his reign,
The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trust her blossoms to the churlish skies:

So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unformed, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:

So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, though frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chilling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.

The spacious animated scene survey,
From whence the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the' exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all the kind, impartial heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain;
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy
draws,

The' event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear,
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, ther, through ages by what fate confined,
To differen. climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measured laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain the vigils keep,
Command the winds and tame the' unwilling
deep:

Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasures sigh in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods, were roll'd
away.

As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue;
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
The' encroaching tide that drowns her lessen-
ing lands?

And sees far off, with an indignant groan,
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;

As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves, and steel our hearts to
war ?

And, where the face of nature laughs around,
Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground ?
Unmanly thought ! what seasons can controul,
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she
springs,

By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's
snows ?

She bids each slumbering energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the' inferior laws, that rule our clay :
The stubborn elements confess her sway,
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth ;
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With sidelong plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift-descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,

What wonder if, to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they
gain'd?

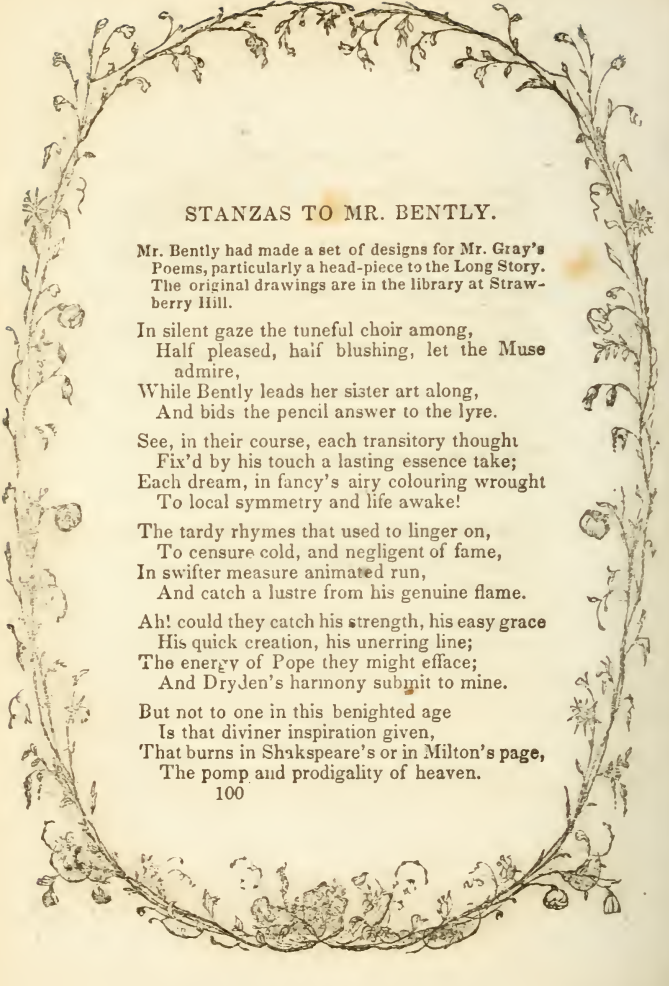
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?

What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Egypt with his watery wings,
If with adventurous oar and ready sail,
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighbouring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost, MASON.]

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.



STANZAS TO MR. BENTLY.

Mr. Bently had made a set of designs for Mr. Gray's Poems, particularly a head-piece to the Long Story. The original drawings are in the library at Strawberry Hill.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse
admire,

While Bently leads her sister art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take;
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought
To local symmetry and life awake!

The tardy rhymes that used to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measure animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.

Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface;
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER. 101

As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'
And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'
A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.'

* * * * *

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune:
Could love, and could hate, so was thought
somewhat odd;
No very great wit, he believed in a God:
A post or a pension he did not desire,
But left church and state to Charles Townsend
and Squire*.

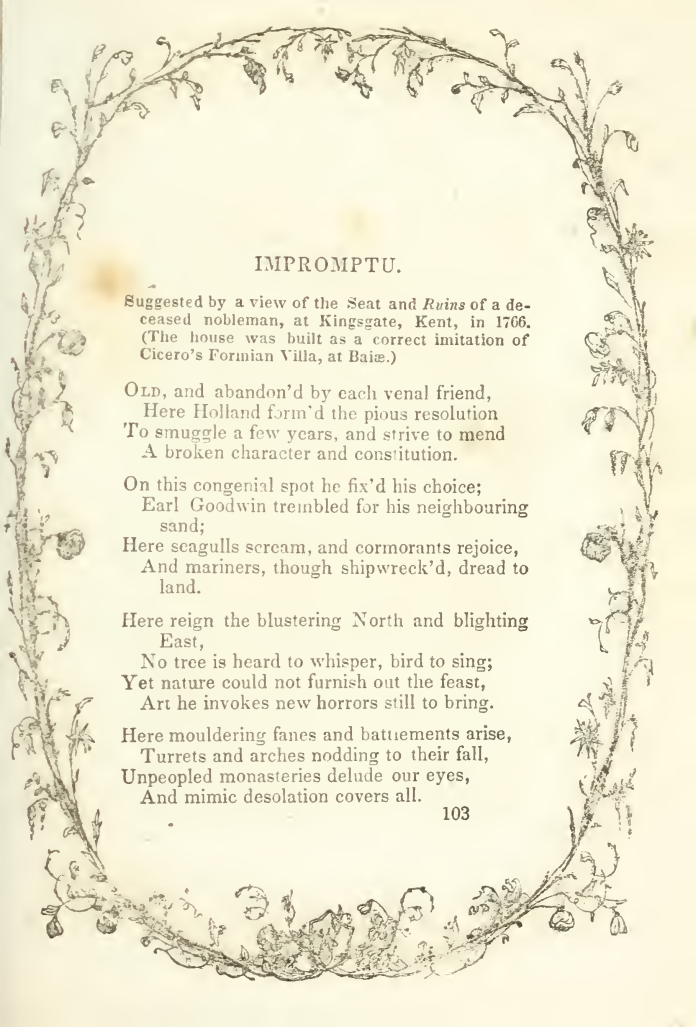
* Squire] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

SONG.

Written, at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air
of Geminiani:—the thought from the French.

'THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower?
And the bud that decks the thorn?
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past.
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.



IMPROMPTU.

Suggested by a view of the *Seat and Ruins* of a deceased nobleman, at Kingsgate, Kent, in 1766.
(The house was built as a correct imitation of Cicero's Formian Villa, at Baiæ.)

OLD, and abandon'd by each venal friend,
Here Holland form'd the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring
sand;
Here scagulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to
land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting
East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

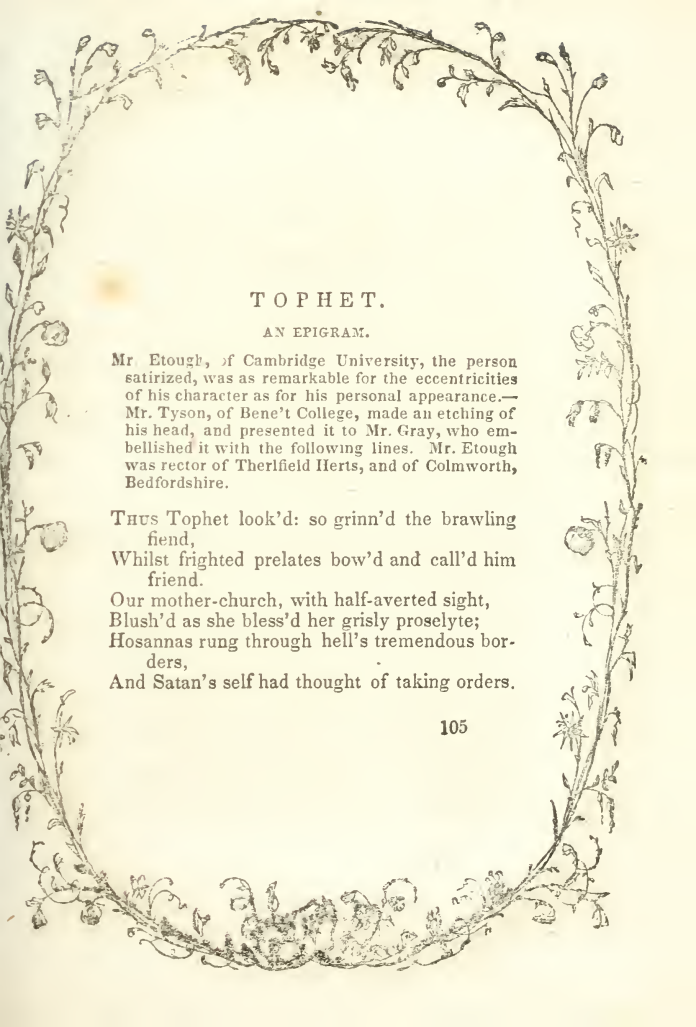
Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

" Ah!" said the sighing peer, " had Bute been
 true,
 Nor M—'s R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
 Far better scens than these had bless'd our
 view,
 And realized the beauties which we feign:
 " Purg'd by the sword, and purified by fire,
 Then had we seen proud London's hated
 walls;
 Owls would have hooted in St. Peter s choir,
 And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

AMATORY LINES.

This jeu d'esprit first appeared in Warton's Edition
 of Pope.

WITH beauty, with pleasures surrounded, to
 languish—
 To weep without knowing the cause of anguish:
 To start from short slumbers, and wish for the
 morning—
 To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
 Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected—
 Words that steal from my tongue, by no mean-
 ing connected!
 Ah! say, fellow swains, how these symptoms
 befel me?
 They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell
 me!



TOPHET.

AN EPIGRAM.

Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character as for his personal appearance.—Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the following lines. Mr. Etough was rector of Therlfield Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire.

THUS Tophet look'd: so grinn'd the brawling
fiend,
Whilst frightened prelates bow'd and call'd him
friend.

Our mother-church, with half-averted sight,
Blush'd as she bless'd her grisly proselyte;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous bor-
ders,
And Satan's self had thought of taking orders.

POEMATATA.

HYMENEAL.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE
PRINCE OF WALES.

Printed in the Cambridge Collection, 1736.

IGNARÆ nostrum mentes, et inertia corda,
Dam curas regum, et sortem miseramur ini-
quam,

Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flamma
Dulci, quæ dono divum, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat
æstus;

Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia norunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ:

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ;
Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro
Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore
vulnus;

Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine
Amoris

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubila Curæ;
Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia scdem,
Et roseis resupina toris, roseo ore Voluptas:
Regibus huc faciles aditus; communia spernunt
Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

Tuque O'! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima
regnis,
Ne tantum, ne finge metum: quid imagine
captus

Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani?
Umbram miraris: nec longum tempus, et ipsa
Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit
amorem.

Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese AUGUSTA
Britanno
Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœ-
nam;

Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt:
Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem
Explorat ventes, atque auribus aera captat,
Atque auras, atque astra vocat crudelia; pectus
Intentum exultat, surgitque arrecta cupido

Incusat spes ægra fretum, solitoque videtur
Latior effundi pontus, fluctusque morantes.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese AUGUSTA
Britanno

Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit;
At citius (precor) Oh! cedas melioribus astris:
Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam;
Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras:
Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
Accedant sternantque toros, ignemque minis-
trent;

Illicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

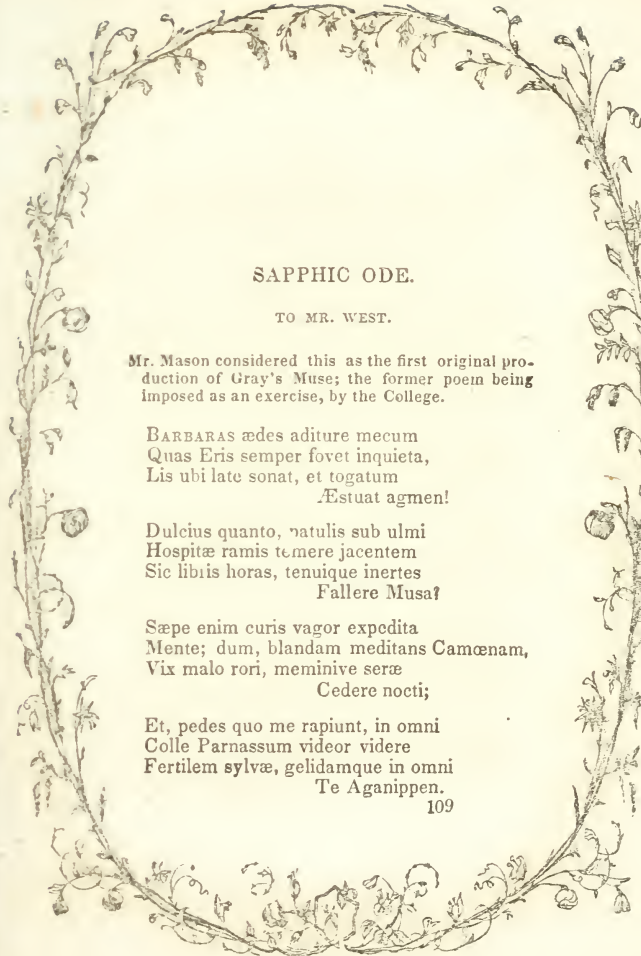
Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venus-
tam

Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera
narrat;

Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum;
Fæmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia sur-
gunt,

Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
Sedulus, aspexitque nova splendescere flamma;
Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY, Pet. Coll.



SAPPHIC ODE.

TO MR. WEST.

Mr. Mason considered this as the first original production of Gray's Muse; the former poem being imposed as an exercise, by the College.

BARBARAS ædes aditure mecum
Quas Eris semper fovet inquieta,
Lis ubi late sonat, et togatum
Æstuat agmen!

Dulcius quanto, natalis sub ulmi
Hospitæ ramis temere jacentem
Sic libris horas, tenuique inertes
Fallere Musa?

Sæpe enim curis vagor expedita
Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camœnam,
Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quo me rapiunt, in omni
Colle Parnassum videor videre
Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni
Te Aganippen.
109

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
Mane quicquid de violis eundo
Surripit aura:

Me reclinatum teneram per herbam:
Qua leves cursus aqua cunque ducit,
Et moras dulci strepitu lapillo
Nectit in omni.

Hæ novo nostrum fere pectus anno
Simplices curæ tenuere, cælum
Quamdiu sudum explicuit Favoni
Purior hora:

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
Nec magis Phæbo Clytie fidelis;
(Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
Mollior æstas.)

Namque, seu, lætos dominus labores
Prataque et montes recreante curru,
Purpura tractus oriens Eoos
Vestit, et auro

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
Prodigum splendoris: amœniori
Sive dilectam meditando igne
Pingere Calpen,

Usque dum, fulgore magis magis jam
Languido circum, variata nubes
Læbitur furtim, viridisque in umbras
Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
Parca me lenis sineret quieto
Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem,
Cum Dei arduentes medius quadrigas
Sentit Olympus.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

O LACRYMARUM fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

CARMEN

AD C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.

Written immediately after his journey to Frascati
and the cascades at Tivoli, which he had described
in a preceding letter to his friend Mr. West.

MATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favoni, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere qua diem .
Amat sub umbra, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
Piseta, testor vos, Anio minax
Quæcunque per clivos volutus
Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,
Illius et gratas Latinis
Naisin ingeminasse rupes;
112

Nam me Latinæ Naides uvida
Videre ripa, qua niveas levi
Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
Dulce canens Venusinus ales;
Mirum! canenti conticuit nemus,
Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc
(Sic Musa jussit) saxa molles
Docta modos, veteresque lauri.
Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem
Claudis laborantem numeris: loca
Amœna, jucundumque ver in-
compositum docuere carmen;
Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
Phœbea luci (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquantur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM ON
THE GAURUS.

Sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference
to Sandy's Travels, book iv. pp. 275, 277, and 278.

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus,
Prospiciens vitreum lugenti vertice pontum:
Tristior ille diu, et veteri dusuetus oliva
Gaurus, pampinæque eheu jam nescius umbræ;
Horrendi tam sæva premit vicinia montis,
Attonitumque urget latus, exuritque ferentem.

Nam fama est olim, media dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
Late tellurem surdum iminugire cavernas:
Quo sonitu nemora alta tremunt; tremit excita
tuto

Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
At subito se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
Pandere sub pedibus, nigraque voragine fauces;
Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longe
Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
Ah, miser! increpitans sæpe alta voce per umbram
Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
Nil usquam videt infelix præter mare tristi
Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure cam
pos,

Fumumque, flammisque, rotataque turbine saxa
Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cælo;
Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
Tandem iterum timido deserta requirere tecta:
Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
(Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctus)
Una colligere et justa componere in urna.
Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa paren-
tum.

(Spem miseram!) assuetosve Lares, aut rura
videbunt.

Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat;
Mons novus; ille supercilium, fronte^mque
favilla

Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
Subjectum, stragemque suam, mœsta arva, mi-
naci

Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.

Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
Pastorum resonare; adeo undique dirus habebat
Informes late horror agros saltusque vacantes.
Sæpius et longe detorquens navita proram
Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.

Montis adhuc facies manet lirta atque aspera
saxis:

Sed furor extinctus jamdudum, et flamma quievit,
Quæ nascenti aderat; seu forte bituminis atri
Defluxere olim rivi, atque effœta lacuna
Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;
Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc
(Horrendum) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ
Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi
Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti
Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens
Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
Vix tandem, infidæque audet se credere cœlo.

A FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

* * Oñ Fæsulæ amœna
Frigoribus juga, nec nimium spirantibus auris
Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
Esse dedit, glaucaque sua canescere sylva!
Non ego vos posthac Arni de valle videbo
Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta corona
Villarum longe nitido consurgere dorso,
Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cu
pressus
Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

IMITATION OF AN ITALIAN SONNET,

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

Spesso Amor sotto la forma
D'amista ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia; e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.
In Pietade ei si trasforma;
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto
Sempr' egli, e l' istesso Amor.

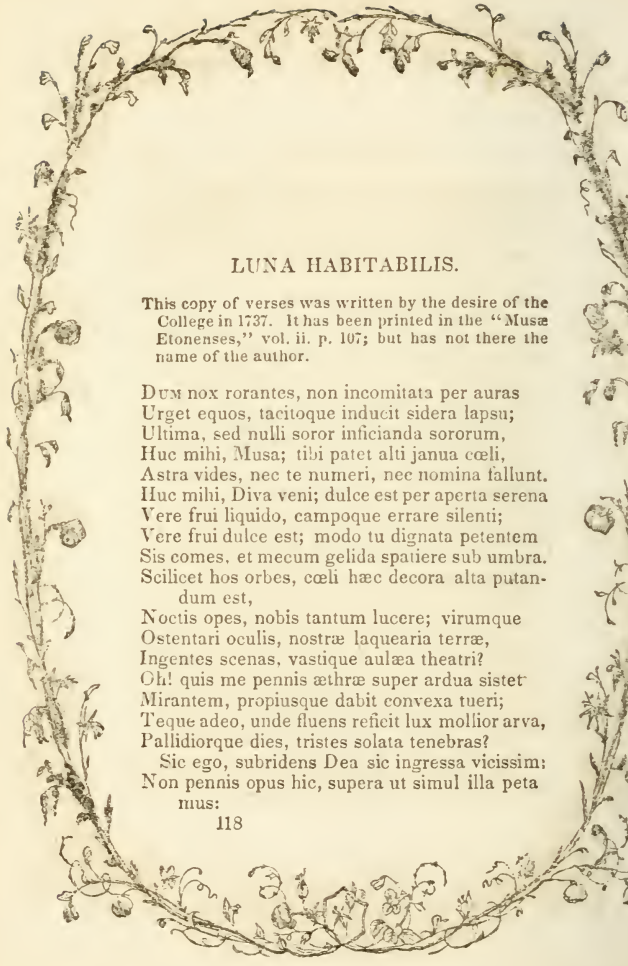
LUSIT amicitia interdum velatus amictu,
Et bene composita veste fefellit Amor.

Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas:
Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti;
Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHAR-
TREUSE, IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST, 1741.

Oh Tu, severi Religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certe fluenta
Numen habet, veterusque sylvas;
Præsentio rem et conspicimus Deum
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem;
Quam si repostus sub trabe citrea
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiaca manu)
Salve vocanti rite, fesso et
Da placidam juveni quietem.
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacra lege silentii
Vetat volentem, me resorbens
In medios violenta fluctus:
Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.



LUNA HABITABILIS.

This copy of verses was written by the desire of the College in 1737. It has been printed in the "*Musæ Etonenses*," vol. ii. p. 107; but has not there the name of the author.

DUM nox rorantes, non incommutata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
Huc mihi, Diva veni; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti;
Vere frui dulce est; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelida spatieri sub umbra.
Scilicet hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putan-
dum est,

Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere; virumque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri;
Teque adeo, unde fluens reficit lux mollior arva,
Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?

Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
Non pennis opus hic, supera ut simul illa petamus:

Disce, Puer, potius cœlo deducere Lunam;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultro
Visa tibi ante oculos, et nota major imago.

Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere
spectas,)

Compositum tubulo: simul imum invade canalem
Sic intenta acie, cœli simul alta patescent
Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,
Ingrediere solo. et caput inter nubila condas.

Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et creris Freta consista
terris

Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
Sublustris; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
Integram Solis lucem quippe haurit aperto
Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes:
Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
Liberior datur his quoniam natura, minusque
Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei
Detorquent, retroque docent se vertere flammas.

Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes;
Montes queis Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa
nivali

Vertice: tum scopulis infra pendentibus antra
Nigrescunt clivorum umbra, nemorumque tene-
bris.

Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo;
Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus
imber;

His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.

Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem
Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque
triumphos

Victores: sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi;
His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia
tangunt.

Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profun-
dum;

Idem illos etiam ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
Sub sudum globus; et terrarum ingentior orbis;
Scilicet omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicet omnem
Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes;
Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat;
Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania late
Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras;
Jam tandem in Borean, en! parvulus Anglia
nævus

(Quanquam aliis longe fulgentior) extulit oras;
Formosum extemplo lumen, maculamque ni-
tentem

Invisunt crebri Proceres, serumque tuendo;
Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant:
Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus

Se dominum vocat, et nostra se jactat in aula.
Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queis parciore usus,
Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi;
Ni, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.

Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta
silebo

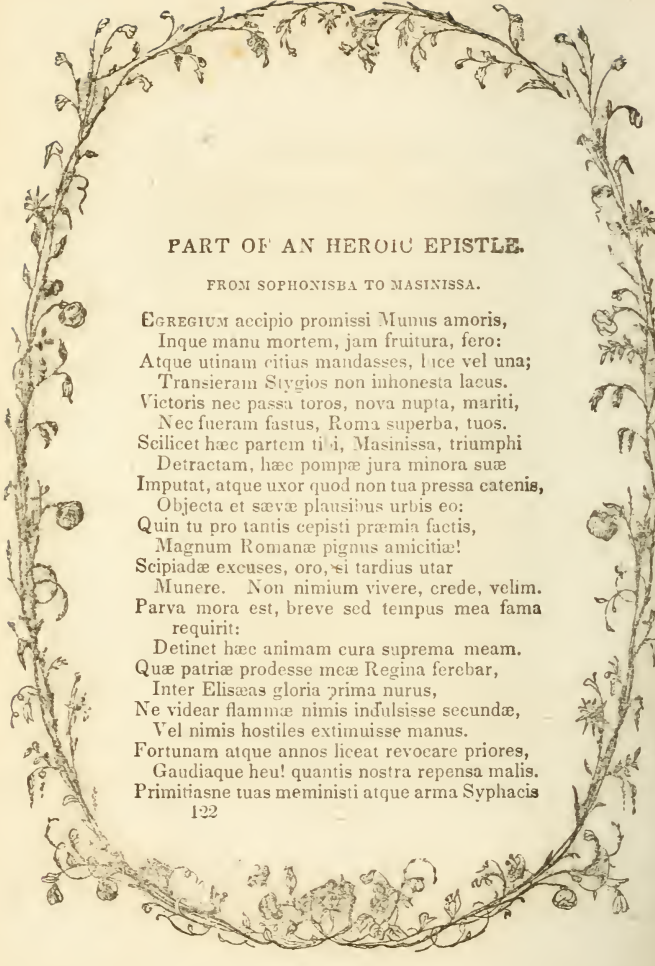
Jampridem in fati, patriæque oracula famæ.
Tempus erit, sursum totos contendere cœtus
Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates:
Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longæque
Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.

Ut quondam ignotum marmor, camposque
natantes

Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Colum-
bus;

Litora mirantur circum, mirantur et undæ
Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque bifformes,
Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
Fœdera mox icta et gemini commercia mundi,
Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat
undæ;

Aeris attollet fascès, veteresque triumphos
Huc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.



PART OF AN HEROIC EPISTLE.

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero:
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel una;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti,
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumphii
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
Imputat, atque uxor quod non tua pressa catenis,
Objecta et sævæ plausibus urbis eo:
Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiae!
Scipiadæ excuses, oro, si tardius utar
Munere. Non nimium vivere, crede, velim.
Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama
requirit:
Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
Gaudiaque heu! quantis nostra repensa malis.
Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis

Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias?
(Laudis at antiquæ forsā meminisse pigebit,
Quodque decus, quondam causa ruboris erit.)
Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis;
Mœniaque intransitū vidi: longo agmine duxit
Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
Fœminea ante omnes longē admiratur euntem
Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color!
Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam,
Seque cupit laudi surripuisse suæ.
Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,
Et dextræ soli credimus esse virum.
Dum faciles gradiens oculos per singula jactas,
(Seu rexit casus lumina, sive Venus)
In me (vel certe visum est) conversa morari
Sensi; virgineus percudit ora pudor.
Nescio quid vultum molle spirare tuendo,
Credideramque tuos lentius ire pedes.
Quærebam, juxta æqualis si dignior esset,
Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
Nulla fuit circum æqualis vix dignior esset,
Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
Pompæ finis erat. Tota vix nocte quievi:
Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor,
Somnus habet pompas, eademque re cursat
imago;
Atque iterum hesterno mut ere victor ades.

* * * * *

DIDACTIC POEM, UNFINISHED:

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

UNDE Animus scire incipiat: quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
Mnemosyne: Râtio unde rubi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium: et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem:
O decus! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis!
Si qua primus iter monstras: vestigia conor
Signare incerta, tremulaque insistere planta
Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia)
sanctum

Ad limen (si rite adeo, si pectore puro),
Obscuræ reserans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
Pande, Pater; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sa-
cerdos,
Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetrâlia
Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favoni,
(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice
carmen,
Nec vatem: non illa leves primordia motus,

Quanquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile
quicquid

Usquam oritur, trahit hinc ortum; nec surgit ad
auras,

Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.

Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,

Dulce et amicitiae vinclum: Sapientia die

Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno

Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,

Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores:

Sicilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.

Illa etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque

Assidue fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem

Temperat in numeros; atque horas mulcet
inertes;

Aurea non alia se jactat origine Musa.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix

Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris

Sublimes animas; tenebroso in carcere partem

Noluit ætheream longo torpere verno:

Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,

Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,

Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.

Idecirco innumero ductu tremere undique fibras

Nervorum instituit: tum toto corpore miscens

Implicuit late ramos, et sensil? textum,

Implevitque humore suo (seu lympa vocanda

Sive aura est) tenuiscerte, at que levissima

quædam

Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales

Perfluit; assidue externis quæ concita plagis,

Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motus,
Hinc inde accensa contage relabitur usque
Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sa-
cravit

Mens animi: hanc circum coeunt, densoque
feruntur

Agmine notiſſimæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum,
Ecce autem naturæ ingens aperitur imago
Immensæ, variique patent commercia mundi.

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamesis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
Euphratesque, Tagusque, et opimo flumines
Ganges,

Undas quisque suas volvens, cursuque sonoro
In mare prorumpunt: hos magno acclinis in
antro

Excipit Oceanus, natorumque ordine longo
Dona recognoscit venientum, ultroque serenat
Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine com-
plent.

Primas tactus agit pertes primusque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus: am-
plius ille

Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis
Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentum
Funditur in talem, et late per stamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo

Multiplies solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit;
Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
Circumfusus adhuc: tactus tamen aura lacessit
Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque reclusit.
Idque magis simul, ac solitur blandumque
calorem

Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
Impete inassuetos artus: tum sævior adstat
Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit; ille
Cunctantem frustra et tremulo multa ore que-
rentem

Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplexitur ulnis.
Tum species primum patefacta est candida Lucis
(Usque vices adeo Natura bonique, malique,
Exæquat, justaque manu sua damna rependit)
Tum primum, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina
soles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli
Progenies, ortumque tuum; gemmantia rore
Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna?
Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos. et mille Colorum,
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque de-
centes.

At caput invisum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
Abdidit, horrendæque simul Formidinis ora,
Pervigilesque æstus Curarum, atque anxius
Angor:

Undique lætitia florent mortalia corda,
Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

Omnia nec tu ideo invalidæ se pandere Menti
(Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas
Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis:
Nescio qua tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes;
Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela,
Sive lucernarum rutilus colluxerit ardor,
Extemplo huc obverti aciem, quæ fixa repertos
Haurit inexpletum radios, fruiturque tuendo.

Altior huic vero sensu, majorque videtur
Addita, Judicioque arte connexa potestas,
Quod simul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,
Hæc simul, assiduo depascens omnia visu,
Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
Juncturæ quis honos, ut res ascendere rebus
Lumina conjurant inter se, et mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus insit a
virtus,

Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
Hincatque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit ostio pulsu
Aeriis invecta rotis) longeque recurset:
Scilicet Eloquio hæc sonitus, hæc fulminis alas,
Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
Calliope quoties, quoties Pater ipse canendi
Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret

At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
Gustus habet, qua se insinuet jacunda saporum
Luxuries, dona Autumnii, Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis,
Docta leves captare auras, Panchaia quales
Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis hora
Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arcu
Alma Parens, sensusque vias per membra re-
clusit;

Haud solas: namque intus agit vivata facultas,
Qua sese explorat, contemplatusque repente
Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
Quid velit, aut possit, capiat, fugiatve, vicissim
Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si forte so-
rorum

Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
(Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripa
Fontis pura quies, et opaci frigoris umbra)
Dum prona in latices speculi de margine pendet.
Mirata est subitam venienti occurrere Nympham:
Mox eosdem, quos ipsa, artus, eadem ora ge-
rentem

Una inferre gradus, una succedere sylvæ
Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.
Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
Nec vero simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum

Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ost' a norunt;
Hæ privos servant aditus: sine legibus illæ
Passim, qua data porta, ruunt, animoque pro-
pinquant.

Respice, cui a cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:
Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum
Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:
Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua
duplex,

Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt
Per digitos. Atqui solis concessa potestas
Luminibus blandæ est radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporro sociis, quacunque patescit
Notitiæ campus, mistæ lasciva feruntur
Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
Terribiles visu, et porta glomerantur in omni.
Nec vario minus introitu magnum ingruit Illud,
Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circum
Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi.

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, qua sensilis arte
Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per
æquor

Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente
licebit

Amplecti, nedum proprius deprendere sensu,
Moles egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
Ulla nec orarum circumcæsuræ coercet.

Hæc conjuncta adeo tota compage fatetur
Mundus, et extremo clamant in limine rerum,
(Si rebus datur extremum) primordio. Firmat
Hæc eadem tactus (tactum quis dicere falsum
Audeat ?) hæc oculi nec lucidus arguit orbis.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles ;
Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse
est

Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figura
Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
Nunc oculis igitur pascunt, et luce ministra
Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus or-
bem,

Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque superne
Detorquent, retroque docent se vertere flammas.
Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
Ut tremor æthera per magnum, lateque natantes
Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
Auditus queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
Coninus interdum non ullo interprete per se
Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
Sensiferumque urgent ultro per viscera motum.

* * * * *

LIBER QUARTUS.

HACTENUS haud segnis Naturæ arcana retexi
Musarum interpres, primusque Britanna per arva
Romano liquidum deduxi flumine rivum.
Cum Tu opere in medio, spes tanti et causa
laboris,

Linqvis, et æternam fati te cond's in umbram!
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallascere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Sa-
lutem.

Speravi, atque una tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondam, fallere Soles;
Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota!
Heu moestos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes!

At 'Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctus
Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
Unde orta es, fruire; atque o si secura, nec ultra
Mortalis, notos olim miserata labores
Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas;
Humanam si forte alta de sede procellam
Contemplerè, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tu-
multum.

Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus
 Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus
 amore

Fundo; quod possum, juxta lugere sepulchrum
 Dum juvat, ex mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

GREEK EPIGRAM.

Αζόμενος πολέθρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσας,
 Τὰς δεινὰς τηπένη λείπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
 Μοῖνοι αἶ ἐνθα κύνων ζαθέων *πλαγγεῦσιν*
 ἰλάγμοι,
 Ἐνταχεὶς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδω.

FINIS.







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